Saturday Review

APRIL 2, 1955 / 20¢

MAN'S DUEL WITH THE HYDROGEN BOMB

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

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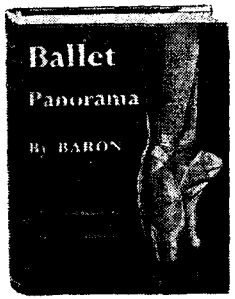

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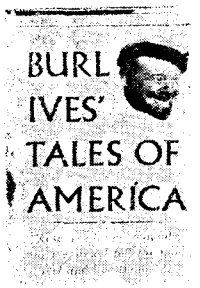

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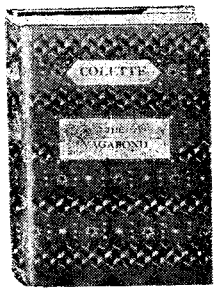

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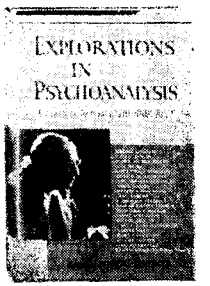

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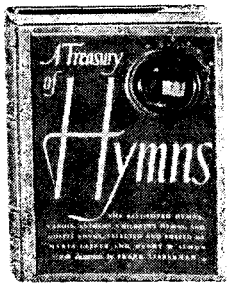

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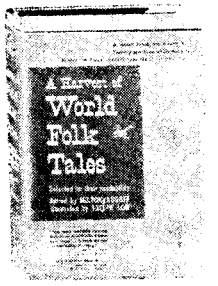

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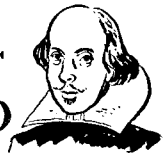

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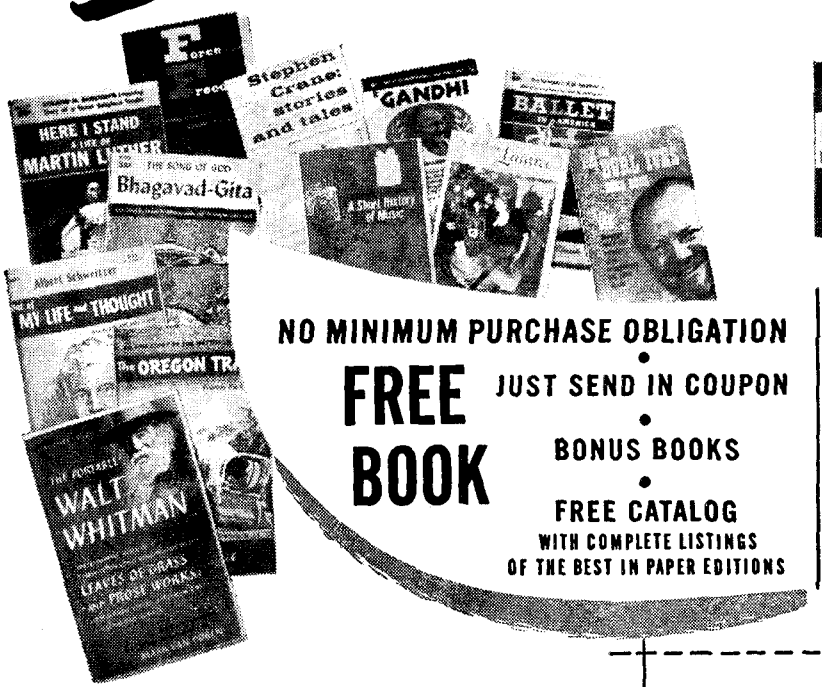

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THE LITERARY SCENE

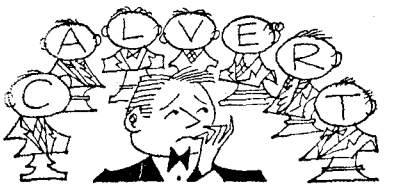
• • In Britain, reported Mollie Panter-Downes to *The New Yorker*, 700 booksellers joined hands to stage a ten-day book sale, "agreeing to sell publishers' marked-down stock, and also any of their own stock that had been lying around the place for more than a year, at prices slashed by at least a third. The idea was to make way for the great, roaring, ramping spring tide of new publications." The dispatch ended on this happy note: "The public poured into the bookshops as though jostling for the only samples of the written word on earth. . . . Crowds jammed the aisles and stood around the tables five deep. . . . The idea was such a success that it probably will become a yearly event." Well, now, why don't we all get together for a similar housecleaning in these parts? And if we really are bent on cleaning out the junk, I must add sadly that plenty of items in the "roaring, ramping spring tide" itself might with good reason be tossed right into the sale.

• • In Washington, a taxi-driver complained to Les and Liz Carpenter, "Writers must be getting into pretty bad shape around here; they've started trying to pay me with sandwiches they steal at cocktail parties."

• • In *Good Housekeeping*, chronic-pessimist Philip Wylie lamented (and who would dispute him?), "If Mickey Spillane's millions of readers began acting like Spillane's detective, Mike

Hammer, the Soviets could take us over without dropping a bomb—because the United States would be in chaos."

• • At the Detroit Athletic Club, they're buttonholing visitors who innocently drop in for a drink and commanding them to name the four living ex-Vice Presidents of the United States. That maddening chore out of the way, they jot the word CALVERT down the left edge of a box tab and demand that the visitor recall the Presidents whose names begin with each letter of the word. Only one minute is given for this exercise. Try



yourself on these tests, and then look for the correct answers further along this column. (You won't believe the ones which are most often omitted!)

• • In Chicago, bookseller Max Siegel, who learned the tricks of the trade at the knees of knowing Ralph Henry, is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his own shop. He started in one room, now has the entire side of the lobby floor at 55 East Washington, and is said to be eyeing Soldiers Field for his next expansion.

• • In New York, publisher George Macy discovered that one facet of his business no longer amused him, decided to let another George do it. George Joel's Dial Press now is exclusive trade distributor of George Macy's Heritage Press. Upcoming: a two-volume "Plutarch's Lives," designed and decorated by Bill Dwiggins; Caesar's "The Gallic Wars," in a new translation by John Warrington, with an introduction by a favorite of TRADE WINDS who has plenty of gall himself: fellow named John Mason Brown.

• • In San Francisco, a dedicated band of eggheads has dreamed up a new highbrow revue called "Poets' Follies." Showstoppers at the premiere were a reading of T. S. Eliot poems by stripteaser Lily Ayers of Oakland burlesque fame and a lugubrious ballad entitled "Joseph Henry Jackson, You Made the Night Too Long."

• • In Chicago, the University of Chicago Press has just published "The TVA," a spirited defense of the Authority by its former general manager and chairman of the board, Gordon Clapp. I've heard lots of people lambasting the TVA in recent months, and others who seemed almost ready to die for it. When it came right down

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to cases, I was amazed to discover how many on both sides of the argument—myself included—had only the haziest notion of what they were hollering about. For suchlike, Clapp's book should be "must" reading.

• • In a Westchester bookshop, presided over by a lover of literature and his devoted but quarrelsome wife, the nine-year-old daughter has developed the embarrassing habit of eavesdropping on her parents' spirited settos and then reporting the gory details to favored customers. She challenged one the other day with "Bet you can't guess what Mommy has hanging around her neck all the time." "Give up," admitted the customer. The daughter answered, "All of Daddy's dumb relatives!"

• • In Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill announced the appointment, as New York editor, of Bucklin Moon, Doubleday and *Collier's* alumnus, and highly regarded by the entire publishing fraternity.

• • In the office of this columnist, the laughingly-labeled working force has been snowed under a deluge of blotters. Thank you, dear readers, and I know I asked for them, but for heaven's sake, desist! I now have enough to keep the entire publishing industry supplied until March 27, 2155. As for the damsels adorning said blotters, their faces are as lovely as ever, but either they are more thoroughly clad than their forerunners, or a tottering oldster had blotters all mixed up in his memory with feelthy French postcards!

• • In Lansing, Michigan, bookseller Chester Ellison is whooping with delight over the spectacular break from the barrier of his son Jim's new novel, "I'm Owen Harrison Harding." Autobiographical excerpt: "I always worked in my old man's store during December after school let out, and all day Saturday. . . . It's really a wild way to spend a month. You meet the maddest kind of people; the kind that buy books only during December. They buy a Bible on the twenty-second of December and expect you to ship it out to Tibet in plenty of time for Christmas!"

• • In *Printing News*, commentator Sam Himmell indicated that a lot of the tears shed over vanishing village smithies might have been saved for more deserving unfortunates. There are still 18,215 blacksmith shops in the U.S., but only 7,368 bookstores!

• • Answers to the name quizzes: Four living ex-Vice Presidents are John Garner, Harry Truman, Henry

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Wallace, and Alben Barkley; for CALVERT, you should have Coolidge and Cleveland for C, Adams and Arthur for A, Lincoln for L, Van Buren for V, Eisenhower for E, Roosevelt for R, and Tyler, Taylor, Taft, and Truman for T.

• • In New York, Peggy Mann, who writes enticing copy for the Doubleday book clubs, is letting others say the nice things—lots of nice things—about her own new novel, "A Room in Paris."

• • In Chicago, Sydney J. Harris, curmudgeonly columnist of the *Daily News*, has compiled a "little list" of books that in his diggings, at least, never would be missed. Included: any volume with the title "So You're Going to . . .," "I Was a . . .," or "Ten Ways to . . ."; any book in which faith in God is bracketed with financial success or social popularity; any book written by an actress, a rear admiral, a bullfighter, an ex-Communist, a reformed dope addict, a retiring president of a woman's college, a self-made industrialist, or a famous songwriter." Come now, Sydney, what would you have left? Just a lot of musty, old, reasonably priced, unabridged *classics*?

• • In Greenwich Village, some scoundrel, notes Bob Sylvester, made off with a framed letter from Thomas Wolfe that the Jumble Shop has had on proud display for years. Then the owner received an unsigned missive. "Will return that Wolfe item," it promised, "as soon as I finish my own novel. I was stuck and about to give up the other night when I read Wolfe's letter and it gave me new inspiration. It's on my own wall now, but I'll be through with my book soon."

• • In Houston, George Fuermann is so busy trying to keep track of the new skyscrapers, he's had to postpone his promised "The Reluctant Empire" until the fall of 1956. Two other famous columnists, however, are letting nothing deter them from glorification of *their* home town between covers: Jack Kofoed with "Moon Over Miami" and Irv Kupcinet with "Kup's Chicago" (or maybe "Kup Runneth Over"). Local response alone will make all three of these entries automatic best sellers.

From Houston, incidentally, a husband returned to Flatbush and dazzled his bride with the gift of three sable coats, two Jaguars, and $30,000 in tax-exempt bonds. "It's really nothing, lambkin," he deprecated. "Remember I was in Texas over Hallowe'en. For the heck of it, we spent an hour playing trick-or-treat."

—BENNETT CERF.

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SR's Library Poll

AMID everyone's anxiety to learn how to spear the hammerhead shark, stop drinking, broil sea-urchins, meditate positively, procure peace-of-mind and TNT, and serve souffles to the Duchess of Windsor, it is nice to find that a serious novel, "The View from Pompey's Head," one of the best-received novels of the year, heads *SR*'s list this week. Three cheers for Mr. Basso!

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The View from Pompey's Head** by Hamilton Basso (F)*
2. **I'll Cry Tomorrow** by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)**
3. **My Several Worlds** by Pearl Buck (G)
4. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)
5. **Katherine** by Anya Seton (F)
6. **My Brother's Keeper** by Marcia Davenport (F)
7. **Love Is Eternal** by Irving Stone (F)
8. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
9. **No Time for Sergeants** by Mac Hyman (F)
10. **A Child of the Century** by Ben Hecht (G)
11. **R.S.V.P.** by Elsa Maxwell (G)
12. **Treadmill to Oblivion** by Fred Allen (G)
13. **The Woman Within** by Ellen Glasgow (G)
14. **Mary Anne** by Daphne du Maurier (F)
15. **Abraham Lincoln** by Carl Sandburg (G)
16. **Soldier of Fortune** by Ernest K. Gann (F)
17. **The Bad Seed** by William March (F)
18. **TNT—The Power Within You** by Claude Bristol and Harold Sherman (G)
19. **The Tastemakers** by Russell Lynes (G)
20. **Benton's Row** by Frank Yerby (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—Genera.

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The Saturday Review
APRIL 2, 1955

MAN'S DUEL WITH THE HYDROGEN BOMB

BERTRAND RUSSELL

—Associated Press

I AM writing not as a Briton, not as a European, not as a member of a Western democracy, but as a human being, a member of the species Man, whose continued existence is in doubt. The world is full of conflicts: Jews and Arabs; Indians and Pakistanis; white men and Negroes in Africa; and, overshadowing all minor conflicts, the titanic struggle between Communism and anti-Communism.

Almost everybody who is politically conscious has strong feelings about one or more of these issues. But I want you, if you can, to set aside such feelings for the moment and consider yourself only as a member of a biological species which has had a remarkable history and whose disappearance none of us can desire. I shall try to say no single word which should appeal to one group rather than to another. All, equally, are in peril, and, if the peril is understood, there is hope that they may collectively avert it. We have to learn to think in a new way. We have to learn to ask ourselves not what steps can be taken to give military victory to whatever group we prefer, for there no longer are such steps. The question we have to ask ourselves is: What steps can be taken to prevent a military contest of which the issue must be disastrous to all sides?

The general public, and even many men in positions of authority, have not realized what would be involved in a war with hydrogen bombs. The general public still thinks in terms of the obliteration of cities. It is understood that the new bombs are more powerful than the old and that, while one atomic bomb could obliterate Hiroshima, one hydrogen bomb could obliterate the largest cities such as London, New York, and Moscow. No doubt in a hydrogen-bomb war great cities would be obliterated. But this is one of the minor disasters that would have to be faced. If everybody in London, New York, and Moscow were exterminated, the world might, in the course of a few centuries, recover from the blow. But we now know, especially since the Bikini test, that

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hydrogen bombs can gradually spread destruction over a much wider area than had been supposed. It is stated on very good authority that a bomb can now be manufactured which will be 25,000 times as powerful as that which destroyed Hiroshima. Such a bomb, if exploded near the ground or under water, sends radioactive particles into the upper air. They sink gradually and reach the surface of the earth in the form of a deadly dust or rain. It was this dust which infected the Japanese fishermen and their catch of fish although they were outside what American experts believed to be the danger zone.

No one knows how widely such lethal radioactive particles might be diffused, but the best authorities are unanimous in saying that a war with hydrogen bombs is quite likely to put an end to the human race. It is feared that if many hydrogen bombs are used there will be universal death—sudden only for a fortunate minority, but for the majority a slow torture of disease and disintegration.

I will give a few instances out of many. Sir John Slessor, who can speak with unrivaled authority from his experiences of air warfare, has said: "A world war in this day and age would be general suicide"; and has gone on to state: "It never has and never will make any sense trying to abolish any particular *weapon* of war. What we have got to abolish is *war*." E. D. Adrian, who is the leading English authority on nerve physiology, recently emphasized the same point in his address as president of the British Association. He said: "We must face the possibility that repeated atomic explosions will lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no one can tolerate or escape"; and he added: "Unless we are ready to give up some of our old loyalties, we may be forced into a fight which might end the human race." Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert says: "With the advent of the hydrogen bomb, it would appear that the human race has arrived at a point where it must abandon war as a continuation of policy or accept the possibility of total destruction." I could prolong such quotations indefinitely.

Many warnings have been uttered by eminent men of science and by authorities in military strategy. None of them will say that the worst results are certain. What they do say is that these results are possible and no one can be sure that they will not be realized. I have not found that the views of experts on this question depend in any degree upon their politics or prejudices. They depend only, so far as my researches have revealed, upon the extent of the particular expert's knowledge. I have found that the men who know most are most gloomy.

HERE, then, is the problem which I present to you, stark and dreadful and inescapable: Shall we put an end to the human race; or shall mankind renounce war? People will not face this alternative because it is so difficult to abolish war. The abolition of war will demand distasteful limitations of national sovereignty. But what perhaps impedes understanding of the situation more than anything else is that the term "mankind" feels vague and abstract. People scarcely realize in imagination that the danger is to themselves and their children and their grandchildren, and not only to a dimly apprehended humanity. And so they hope that perhaps war may be allowed to continue provided modern weapons are prohibited. I am afraid this hope is illusory. Whatever agreements not to use hydrogen bombs had been reached in time of peace, they would no longer be considered binding in time of war, and both sides would set to work to manufacture hydrogen bombs as soon as war broke out, for if one side manufactured the bombs and the other did not, the side that manufactured them would inevitably be victorious.

On both sides of the Iron Curtain there are political obstacles to emphasis on the destructive character of future war. If either side were to announce that it would on no account resort to war, it would be diplomatically at the mercy of the other side. Each side, for the sake of self-preservation, must continue to say that there are provocations that it will not endure. Each side may long for an accommodation, but neither side dare express this longing convincingly. The position is analogous to that of duelists in former times. No doubt it frequently happened that each of the duelists feared death and desired an accommodation, but neither could say so, since, if he did, he would be thought a coward. The only hope in such cases was intervention by friends of both parties suggesting an accommodation to which both could agree at the same moment. This is an exact analogy to the present position of the

(*Continued on page* 41)

Full Circle

By John Mott Ronaelson

A TANGIBLE shape of water, earth and air,
conceived from chaos and fore-destined there,
I am all life and all life lives in me—
all life that was—all life that is to be.
I am all mothers who have given birth.
I am all lovers who have *trod* the earth.
I am the infant fighting for first breath,
the wounded warrior whose last goal is death.
I am the monarch on his *trembling* throne—
the sorry outcast who must walk alone.
I am the culprit cringing in the chair;
I the reluctant judge who sent him there.

I am the statesman on whose *will* must wait
the large decisions of the lesser great.
I am the artist whose awakened mind
brings hope and beauty to his conscious kind.
I am the dread dictator who destroys
all loveliness like children's fragile toys.
I am the pilot in the windswept sky
exultant of my privilege to fly,
yet in the earth's dim bowel with the mole
I sell my birthright for a ton of coal!

I have borne burdens with the stolid ox,
outrun the hunter with the fleeing fox;
croaked his old query with the midnight owl
and cleft the breakers with a water-fowl,
for I am life, and all life flows through me
from *tranquil* toad to tall important tree;
through embryo and brown receptive sod
home to its ultimate haven—back to God!

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THE JUKE MYTH

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

NO other family in American annals is so well and unfavorably known as the Jukes. The name is a synonym for depravity. What the Rothschilds embody in finance the Jukes represent in misdemeanor. If there were an International Hall of Ill Fame they would get top billing.

And they never existed otherwhere than in the brain of an amateur criminologist. Richard L. Dugdale did not precisely invent them; rather, he compiled them from an assortment of human derelicts whom he collected after a method peculiarly his own, for the purpose of bolstering his theory of criminal heredity. He passed on his findings to posterity in his *magnum opus,* "The Jukes: A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Insanity."

This classic has permeated the sociology of nations. Geneticists like Giddings, East, and Walter have swallowed it whole. The New York State Prison Association sponsored it. Putnam's brought out three large editions, which were accepted as sociological gospel. Dugdale became the recognized authority on crime. His qualifications as an expert are peculiar. When the Dugdale family came to this country from England in 1851 Richard was ten years old. It was intended that he should go to college. After three years of schooling in New York something went awry in his education. He left school and became assistant to a sculptor. In the evenings he attended classes at Cooper Union, where he won something of a reputation as a debater on social topics.

His career, if such it were, was interrupted by the departure of the family to try farming in the Middlewest. The venture was unsuccessful. The Dugdales returned to New York and Richard turned his hand to manufacturing. He was then twenty-three. The business failed. Richard had a nervous breakdown and withdrew from active endeavor. "For four years I could neither earn nor learn," he records. Such was his technical equipment as a sociologist.

The Jukes came into his life quite by chance. He happened to be in a Kingston, N.Y., police court in 1873, where a youth was on trial for receiving stolen goods. Five relatives were present as witnesses. They came of a breed, to quote the incipient investigator, "so despised that their family name had to come to be used generically as a term of reproach." They were alleged to live like haggards of the rock, in the caves of a nearby lake region. "Crime-cradles," our author calls the locality. He was a neat hand at a phrase.

He invented the name Juke for the clan.

The fact that the Juke at the bar of justice was acquitted in no wise discouraged young Dugdale. He made inquiries about the others present. An uncle of the accused is set down as a burglar. No proof is adduced. Two male cousins had been charged with pushing a boy over a cliff, one of whom was convicted. The remaining witnesses, two girls, he lists as harlots. By the Dugdale method, "under the heading of harlots are included all women who have made lapses, however seldom." This is fairly indicative of his standards of investigation and attribution.

With this auspicious start he canvassed the neighborhood for further specimens.

> With comparatively little inquiry [he writes], it was found that out of twenty-nine male adults, the immediate blood relations of the six, seventeen were criminals and fifteen others convicted of some degree of offense.

IMPRESSED by this suggestive ratio —as who would not be by thirty-two out of a possible twenty-nine?—Dugdale went sleuthing back through the generations until he came upon an old Dutch reprobate who kept a turnpike hostelry in Orange County about the middle of the eighteenth century. Old Max appears to have been a sporting character. Several illegitimate children were imputed to him. He enjoyed a local reputation for drinking, gaming, and wenching, divertissements fairly general in those lusty pioneer days. He became Exhibit A in the Dugdale rogues' gallery, though nothing criminal appears in his record.

Max had two legitimate sons who married into a family of six sisters. With the discovery of the sisterhood Dugdale really hits his stride. The family line of the six is obscure; it "has not been absolutely ascertained," he admits. "One, if not all, of them were illegitimate," he surmises, on what grounds he does not explain. Delia is recorded as a "harlot before marriage," and Bell as a "harlot after marriage." Clara, he notes (presumptively with reluctance), was "reputed chaste." She did, however, marry a man who shot a neighbor. Effie's reputation was unknown to author Dugdale, which was certainly a break for Effie.

Another sister *circa* 1760 is Dugdale's prize specimen. "Margaret, Mother of Criminals," he calls her, although her name was Ada. Apt alliteration's artful aid again! To her goes the credit for "the distinctly criminal line of the family." But, what family? For all that he reveals Margaret-Ada, of unascertained parentage, may have been a Van Rensselaer, a Livingston, a Saltonstall, a Biddle, or the granddaughter of the original Joe Doakes. To be sure, he later characterizes the whole lot as "belonging to the Juke blood." Pure assumption. As their derivation was unknown and they were suspectedly illegitimate anyway, how could Dug-

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THE SCIENTIST AND HIS DUTY

By HUSTON SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The scientist—the man who inquires* how *the world works—has always had more or less difficult relations with the men who inquire* why *it works (philosophers and theologians) and* whom *it works for (politicians.) Recently these relations have become unusually challenging, for the scientist has engineered in the A- and H-bombs artifacts which can change all the terms of human society simultaneously. Last fall Washington University at St. Louis called together a* **Conference on Science and Human Responsibility.** *A number of scientists (four Nobel Prizewinners among them) met with social scientists, philosophers, publicists, and politicians to try to hammer out a general position on which the man of learning—as inquirer and citizen—can stand in these dangerous years of mammoth power-concentrations and sudden death. The conclusions of the Conference are summarized here by Huston Smith, associate professor of philosophy at Washington University and chronicler of the Conference.*

1. SCIENCE AND MAN'S VIEW OF HIMSELF. On this score the Conference found itself redressing three misapprehensions concerning man to which science has tended to be a party thus far: that he is object only, that his actions are determined, and that he has access to a purely objective view of the world.

MAN AS SUBJECT. When science first turned—in psychology—to the study of man's total personality, so much emphasis was placed on the conditioned reflex that man came to be regarded as simply a complicated machine; this conclusion was largely determined in advance by the method of study. The approach has yielded a great deal of important information, but it has also tended to eclipse the subjective side of selfhood, its ineradicable self-awareness. The self is not merely the sum of its roles as William James contended in his most fruitful mistake; it is preeminently that which is aware of itself as having roles. There is always an element of mystery in this self-awareness—mystery being defined as a problem the data of which encroach on the problem itself—but it clearly demarcates men from machines or even lower animals. The more self-awareness a person has, the more he can break the automatic chain of conditioning, pausing after a stimulus to throw his weight in favor of one response over against another. Involved with such acts of the self as subject are its capacity to use symbols, to deal with time, and to experience anxiety.

THE REALITY OF FREEDOM. As long as the testimony of introspection remains unchallenged, no one doubts that he is free partly to order his own life. Since the seventeenth century, however, science has tended to question this inward witness. The sheer momentum of science's rapid advance upon the world of cause and effect impelled many minds to the conclusion that every event is the necessary consequence of the one which came before. This notion culminated in Laplace's vision of a completely determined world in which, from the present state and velocity of every material body in the universe, the history of the entire future could theoretically be forecast.

Twentieth-century physics has not demolished this view in the sense of proving it definitely wrong. But it has, in effect, pulled the rug out from under it. From the time Heisenberg demonstrated the impossibility of determining simultaneously both the position and the velocity of individual electrons, physicists have had to speak in terms of probabilities instead of exact determinations. Contemporary science leaves room for a sort of "freedom," though positive evidence of the reality of the sense of freedom still derives from introspection rather than from anything science concretely affirms.

THE END OF REPRESENTATIONALISM. Modern man has become reconciled to the fact that the world is not as he perceives it—that the table, for example, which looks perfectly solid and static is really for the most part empty, with what "matter" it does contain in violent motion. But his impulse for imagery remains undaunted. All he has done is to replace his old picture of a gross and ponderous world with a different picture—this one visible only to the eye of the imagination—in which electrons circle around nuclei, and all is spritely dance and airy whirl.

What modern man has yet to endure is the discovery that science is abandoning even this sophisticated imagery. It is not just that science has no need of imagery. Rather, with respect to the ultimate units of matter, any imagery which can now be devised turns out to involve difficulties which show it to be wrong. The obvious example is light, which cannot consistently be conceived as either wave or particle. The only escape from the difficulties is to abandon imagery entirely and retreat into describing light in terms of mathematical equations without any attempt at visualization whatever.

We can put the matter in a nutshell by saying that whereas classical physics undermined man's senses, the new physics undermines his imagination when imagination is taken as imagery. For three centuries educated man has been told that he does not see the world as it is; now he is told that it is impossible even to imagine what it is like. All he can do, if he is interested in truth, is to think of it in terms of mathematical probabilities. The shock of this discovery has yet to break upon any sizable element of the populace. Its effect upon man's estimate of himself and his place in a world of statistical probabilities cannot even be guessed.

2. SCIENCE AND THE NEW NEED FOR HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY. In the three centuries preceding the twentieth, science tended to dull man's sense of responsibility. On the one hand, its deterministic assumptions made man wonder whether he *could* do anything about his lot; on the other, its material gains gave rise to an idea of progress which made man wonder if he *needed* to do anything beyond the automatic to insure his well-being. Twentieth-century science has removed both these rationalizations for indifference and com-

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FICTION

Complexities in a Country House

"The Hidden River," by Storm Jameson *(Harper. 244 pp. $3), recounts what occurred when a group of people who had known each other in various guises in Occupied France meet again in a country house on the Loire.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

"THE HIDDEN RIVER" is the seventeenth novel and twentieth book by an author distinguished for craftsmanship, intelligence, and readability. One wonders, therefore, why so able a novelist does not draw more applause from the pontifical critics who robe authors for immortality. Is it that they are blind to Storm Jameson's literary virtue, or is there some notable defect in her work that keeps her out of the company of the great, and is there a certain naivete in our critical canons, which seem to make places for "literature" and for subliterary work, but make no place for the intelligent laborer in the honorable craft of commercial fiction? I do not know the answer to these questions, but I do know that "The Hidden River" seems to raise them.

The fable, first. Adam Hartley, a British agent during World War II, returns to the country home of Jean Monnerie, with which he had had important connections as part of the French underground. An uncle, an aged collaborator, returns from prison to die in the house; but not before the detestation of Mme. Regnier for him and all his works is made evident. This detestation arises from her intense grief over the torture and death of her son, betrayed to the Nazis and the Vichy Government. There is in the house an engaging young man, light-hearted and irresponsible, François, whom Adam recollects as being in places he should not have been and in contact with persons he should not have known. Bit by bit, irresistibly, the truth comes out: the beloved son of Mme. Regnier had been betrayed by this same François. François is doomed to death by a just and implacable older brother, Jean Monnerie; Adam falls in love with Jean's betrothed, Elizabeth, and at the end of the tale Mme. Regnier, her sense of justice satisfied or her vengeance fulfilled (as one prefers), is left alone, erect and triumphant in the charming country house on the banks of the Loire.

With the exception of François, who seems to me too much the stock figure of the charming victim, all these personages are seen in the round, and I am prepared to accept them—and to accept François, for that matter, so that the story may proceed. The conversations are intelligent, and the two deaths—that of the crippled uncle and that of François—are, in pleasing contrast to the obsession with death among our own novelists, off-stage and without either melodrama or rhetoric. Adam Hartley will, at least, "do," and I am even prepared to believe that the emotional self-tortures of Adam, Elizabeth, and Jean will result in a cleanly marriage between Adam and Elizabeth. In sum, the

—Jacket by Leo Manso, for "The Hidden River."

". . . bit by bit, irresistibly, the truth comes out."

THE AUTHOR: Beyond, as the saying goes, peradventure, Mrs. Margaret Storm Jameson Chapman, a prolific Yorkshirewoman who has utilized the last three decades to write twenty or so books, is the most outspoken Pittsburghphile on either side of the Atlantic, and possibly in Pittsburgh. "I had the supreme good luck to spend 1948-1949 there," she said longingly in London the other day, "and I would like to be in Pittsburgh at this minute, in the street car going down Fifth Avenue or Forbes Street to the center of the city, that Golden Triangle of rich firms, and on to the Point where two grand rivers become a grander one, the Ohio." She stopped for a moment of recall. "I am sorry for this digression," she went on (she had been talking about her writing). "I've got into the habit of praising Pittsburgh to Americans because I find you don't appreciate it as you should. It is really a most beautiful city." The Chapmans—Guy Patterson Chapman, her husband, a retired professor of modern history at Leeds University—came here in 1948 to lecture at the University of Pittsburgh. Neither the academic nor industrial smoke interrupted her writing, to which she has been devoted unflaggingly ever since her school days—first at Leeds, and later at University College, London. Writing has never been easy for her. "I don't much like it," she said, noting that her new novel was rewritten three times. Regardless, Miss Jameson—she was once described as a "typical Yorkshirewoman, stubborn, rather secretive and reticent, with a hot temper, bulldog persistence, and immense vitality"—holds the distinction of being the first woman ever elected president of the English PEN Club, a post she held between 1938 and 1945. John Galsworthy and H. G. Wells were among her predecessors. Another post she once held was writer-delegate to the UNESCO Congress on the Arts in Venice, in 1952. She recently returned to London after a visit to Cyprus to see her son, the senior pilot of a charter firm there, and she is now trying to find an excuse to visit the States. "I am homesick for Pittsburgh," she sighed. —BERNARD KALB.

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book is so good I kept wishing it were better, and it is in the quality of its possible betterment that the riddle of Storm Jameson's talent lies.

I hazard the guess that what just prevents "The Hidden River" from achieving unquestioned place is a kind of compression, a kind of haste. In less than 250 pages we are to achieve setting, we are to move forward events in present time (for example, the Jean-Elizabeth-Adam love story), we are to acquire insight into the complexities of a complex family history, and we are also simultaneously to invoke the atmosphere of Vichy France and to unravel a kind of mystery story. That all this is kept clear is a tribute to Storm Jameson's *expertise*. The difficulty lies in the foreshortening of time. The fable needs to be stretched out like that of "The Portrait of a Lady," whereas it is condensed like that of "The Turn of the Screw." Complexities of plot sufficient for the one sort of novel are crowded into space better fitted for a simpler tale.

This foreshortening means that throughout the 244 pages, except for the very opening, everything is kept at constant tension, a tension that makes for readability but that slowly —oh, very slowly!—destroys belief. And belief is needed in the case of the character who is the very center of the fable—that is, François. We see him only in retrospection and in the moment of exposure; and the unfortunate result is that we do not see his motives actively at work as we see the motives of his brother, or of Adam, or of Mme. Regnier. In sum, the very heart of the novel is the complicated character of this boy, but we are not brought face to face with the complication, we do not grow with him, we do not see him (as James or Trollope or George Eliot would have seen him) making his first step in the wrong direction, resenting slights, accepting affection. Here it is that haste, it seems to me, betrays an able writer. Perhaps it is this anxiety to get the story done that prevents it from being the mature work of art it promised to be.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1096)

[LADY] MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *LETTERS*

People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise. They lay aside that distrust which is the surest guard against indiscretion, and venture on many steps they would have trembled at, at fifteen.

Workhorse of the Fleets

"The Good Shepherd," by C. S. Forester *(Little, Brown. 310 pp. $3.95), tells of Commander George Krause and his feat in convoying thirty-seven merchant ships through a U-boat pack during World War II. Here it is reviewed by Walter Karig, editor and co-author of the Navy's six-volume history, "Battle Report."*

By Walter Karig

JUST ten years ago *The Saturday Review* hailed Captain Frederick J. Bell's "Condition Red" as the first book to deal with the destroyers, those "Saturday's children of war." Quickly in the wake of Captain Bell's story came squadrons of destroyer narratives: Captain L. A. Abercrombie's "My Life to the Destroyer," James Horan's "Action Tonight," Richard Shafter's "Destroyers in Action" to name a few in the van. Much later came the works of fiction about the "small boys" of the fleet, prominently Nicholas Monsarrat's "Cruel Sea" and Herman Wouk's "Caine Mutiny."

Cecil Forester knew, therefore, that he was laying a course through crowded waters when he wrote "The Good Shepherd." Literarily, that requires more courage and navigational skill than to head into unexplored seas. Forester's new novel demonstrates that he had both.

As a novel "The Good Shepherd," for all its staccato style, is more subtly developed than either of its two famous fictional predecessors. All men go to sea troubled by the memory, bitter or sweet, of some woman. Commander George Krause, rugged hero of the tale, was so wedded to the Navy that he lost the love of his mortal wife, a tragedy for which he sometimes reproaches himself, but not too harshly. He is a religious man, given to prayer; a parson's son in whose soul a sense of duty was burned deeply, and there was no doubt in his Lutheran mind where the greater duty lay, quarterdeck or conjugal bed.

Forester does not cause his character's private life to detract from the greater trials of Krause's body and soul as he herds his convoy of thirty-seven smoky, poky merchant ships through an encircling U-boat wolf pack, with only four destroyers for the fight.

—Jacket by R. A. Genders for the book.

". . . left rudder! Steady as you go."

The gaunt realism with which that contest is told is what makes the book a new great narrative of the sea. Forester does not deign to be indulgent with his landlubber readers. Time cannot be taken out in the middle of a desperate battle to explain what is meant by such dialogue as "I'll come in on course one two zero. Over. Left smartly to course one two zero," and "Right rudder handsomely. . . . Meet her! Left rudder! Steady as you go." Persons not familiar with the esoterica of maneuvering commands may find the pages of such talk both bewildering and monotonous at first, but understanding is not long delayed that here is a very expert description of a fighting ship groping blindly through heaving seas for a cunning and vicious killer. To take time out to explain that "handsomely" is Navy language for "carefully, deliberately" would be to rob the story—and the reader—of its prime qualities of urgency and suspense.

Forester's ship handling and the nautical terminology he employs as orders are given and received are technically flawless. Probably it is for such contributions that the author gives thanks to Vice Admiral Ralph Christie and Commander J. D. P. Hodapp in front of the book. Horatio Hornblower would not be able to understand.

The United States Navy and Her Majesty's as well have cause to thank Cecil Forester for a most telling tribute to the workhorses of the fleets.

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One Man's Bungles

"The Ecstasy of Owen Muir," by Ring Lardner, Jr. *(Cameron & Kahn. 302 pp. $3), is the story of one young pro-Communist's fight with American society, and especially with the Roman Catholic Church.*

By Edmund Fuller

RING LARDNER, JR.'S novel, "The Ecstasy of Owen Muir," may be the product of an intensely religious nature. I can't think of any other way to account for the fervor with which it wars upon Roman Catholicism, specifically, but by extension upon all of Christianity, indeed, all of religion. The author is a "true believer" after his own gods.

Mr. Lardner is at pains to make this clear in a statement about the book, as well as within its text: "The shining horizon of man's destiny is shrouded in a fog of mystical obscurantism. I have chosen in this book to deal with a character so hopelessly lost in that fog that he makes his way into the past instead of the future."

Owen Muir is a wealthy, amiable, liberal idealist. We meet him as a pacifist at the opening of World War II. He is put in an internment camp where the efforts of some American fascists to castrate a Negro cause him to intervene and forswear non-violence. He enters the Army.

After the war, while dabbling in business (which is the most he ever does), Owen falls in love with April Wykoff. She is a good enough Catholic to insist on following the rules about outside marriages. Owen becomes a convert and Mr. Lardner's exquisite joke is that he becomes so militant a Catholic as to destroy their marriage and drive April out of the Church.

Ring Lardner, Jr.—"articulate, clever."

The heart of the book is Lardner's all-out attack on the Roman Church. Lardner has a knowledge of Catholic theology gained either by heritage or study. It is sufficient to enable him to confuse many readers who might not know the historic teachings of Christianity sufficiently well to recognize his subtle travesty, distortion, and setting up of straw men and of trick test cases. He does this with several highly controversial Catholic doctrines, but as one who does not agree entirely with all of them either, I must report them as misrepresented.

He enjoys himself over one Monsignor Frasso, famous for converting celebrities, who is an inadequate image of his obvious target. And he equates the Church with fascism.

Whether on business, behavior, or religion, Mr. Lardner's limitation as a satirist is that he does not (unlike Swift, however savage his mood) satirize the whole cast of the human comedy, himself included. His is the sneering satire that implies, "How stupid and corrupt *they* are, compared to *us*, the progressives and caretakers of the future."

I LEAVE the tendency of the book to the facts. It is militantly anti-business, anti-church, and in general sour on our society. It could be all of these things from any one of several premises—and our society certainly needs continuous, vigorous self-criticism in all its institutions. The special flavor of this book relates to the fact that the only institution not castigated is the Communist Party. The only person whom Lardner and his heroine genuinely like is a valiant Communist woman. For her he has no barbed shafts. The only person for whom he has a contempt greater than he shows for Owen is a man who was "a Communist for the FBI," as the phrase goes, and whom Monsignor Frasso brings into the Church, too. His greatest and most dramatic social indignation is reserved for the Paul Robeson Peekskill riot episodes. Lardner studiedly elevates that disgraceful affair (as indeed it was in more than one way) to be a holy crusade for freedom under the leadership of Robeson and Howard Fast.

Lardner is a bitter man—which is not surprising. He is articulate and clever. But in writing this tendentious book I think he has so far overshot his mark as to limit his following to those who have already made a choice of sides—and that an extreme one—in the conflict of ideas about God, man, and the state, which is the battle of our times.

Notes

AFFAIR IN VENICE: The author of **"A Summer Night"** (Harper, $3), Alan Moorehead, has taken two middling well-off families, one English, one American-hybrid, and brought them together for their third consecutive summer in a couple of villas on a hill above an Italian Riviera village. Then he has given them the accessory small children, the English governess and mother-in-law, the Italian servants, and, to round out the picture, let Nature take her course. The course follows the love affair between the English husband, a painter named Philip Sinclair, and the European-born Celine, wife of the not-very-credible American, Howard Curtis. Celine is a girl whose hitherto spotless fidelity to the colorless Howard is hard to believe if we are also to believe that she is young and beautiful and passionate and a pianist who simply cannot have attained the proficiency her creator gives her without having been around a bit. So is Philip, whose desire to paint Celine bursts upon him at the same time as his discovery that he wants her. The attentive reader has surmised this long before the painter has, and the thread of anticipation has worn too thin by the time Philip makes his despairing flight to a fleabag of a hotel in Venice, whither Celine pursues him. There follows a passionate interlude so slatternly in setting—truly, there are better places in Venice which cost no more!—that the reader cannot take his due vicarious delight in it. Then the whole thing falls apart at the outbreak of a General Strike, which has loomed throughout the story, while the lovers take their inevitable separate ways back to family life. The book is neither art nor literature nor entertainment. Within the scope of neat and expert writing, it is capable. Yet one wonders after laying the book aside what all the fuss was for.

—MARCIA DAVENPORT.

OCCUPATION FOLLIES: Two years ago Jean Dutourd established himself in American minds as one of France's most enjoyable young satirists. That was when he published "A Dog's Head," a genial and preposterous fantasy of one poor Edmund who went through life with the head of a spaniel on his shoulders. Now Mr. Dutourd has published another satire, **"The Best Butter"** (translated by Robin Chancellor; Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a story of hypocrisy, corruption, and exploitation that took place during the French Occupation. "The Best Butter" owes its title to the name of a

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Nations Against Men

"Nationalism: Myth and Reality," by Boyd C. Shafer, (Harcourt, Brace. 319 pp. $5), is a reappraisal of the most important political force in the world today in the light of developments in recent years. Our reviewer, Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at the City College of New York, is the author of "The Meaning of Nationalism" and "German Nationalism," and co-editor of "They Saw It Happen."

By Louis L. Snyder

"POLITICAL nationalism," wrote Sir Norman Angell in 1932, "has become for the European of our age the most important thing in the world, more important than civilization, humanity, decency, kindness, piety; more important than life itself." Little has happened to alter the meaning of Angell's view except that the words "Asian" and "African" should be added to "European." Nations with their needs, drives, and emotions are the chief actors on the contemporary scene. Errors about nationalism have been partly responsible for the twentieth-century "Punic Wars" and for cold wars threatening to become hot.

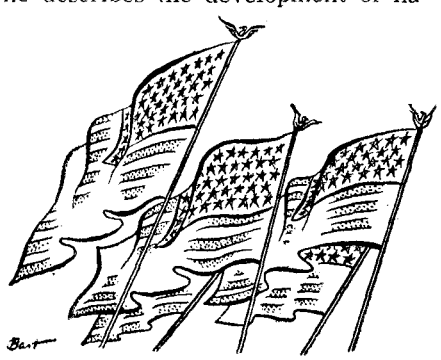
A tremendous mass of literature has been written on this most complex historical phenomenon. Such notable historians as Hans Kohn, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Sir Ernest Barker, and the sociologists Frederick Hertz and Florian Znaniecki, among others, have devoted lifetimes of study to the clarification of nationalism. The significance of their work can scarcely be exaggerated. Here is a sentiment that is vital to our existence. Man's future on earth depends to a great extent on what happens to this tyrannical "ism." It concerns all of us. Since it is within the sphere of human control it must be examined ceaselessly and with great care.

The literature of nationalism is greatly enriched by Boyd C. Shafer's brilliant and highly important book, "Nationalism: Myth and Reality." This is scholarship in depth, diligent and carefully documented research combined with temperate judgments. The smooth flow of the prose is enlivened by gracious and colorful phrases. Primarily historical in its approach, the book draws upon the findings of the other (especially the behavioral) social sciences. Any future study of nationalism will have to take into account this distinguished contribution.

In his opening chapter Dr. Shafer meticulously explores the definitions of nationalism with attention to its dynamic character, its several dimensions, and its variations of structure. As it changes so must scholarly analyses of it change. To cleanse the Augean stables the author considers the various illusions, rationalizations, and wish-fancies that have thrown a fog around nationalism. He examines the legends holding that the nation—the central institution of nationalism—is: (1) created by God, nature, or mystical forces; (2) determined by soil, blood, or natural boundaries; (3) rooted in race, tribe, blood, or instinct; (4) the product of the bourgeoisie; (5) a result of the struggle for existence; (6) unified within and separated from other nations by speech; (7) an outcome of the human need for social life; or (8) the product of a common historical past.

Dr. Shafer demolishes these metaphysical or cultural myths, and concludes with the historically valid observation that nations, nationalities, and nationalisms exist not because of any inevitable, inexorable laws or metaphysical phenomena but because of the total culture of modern times.

The latter part of the book is devoted to a three-dimensional analysis of multiple historical processes arising out of the needs and aspirations that have created nationalism. Dr. Shafer devotes his major attention to France, Great Britain, and the United States without neglecting other countries. With vivid examples he describes the development of nation and nationality, the spread of nationalism, its economic and social basis, and how the nation-state became means and end in xenophobic nationalism. Above all he demonstrates that nationalism may change, decline, or die as conditions are altered and men look to other forces to realize their hopes and find freedom from fear.



STRONG evidence supports the contention that there is no basis—historical, biological, or psychological—for the belief that nationalism must be or will be permanent. The emergence of nationalism was as artificial as the building of the Suez Canal. In either its "good" or "evil" form it is an arbitrary classification made on the body of humanity. The tendency is not new. Even Plato spoke with some sympathy of the foreigner in Athens who complained about the division of the world's inhabitants into Greeks and barbarians. The disgusted foreigner added sarcastically, "Some wise and understanding creature, such as a crane is reputed to be, might in imitation of you make a similar division, and set up cranes against all other animals, to their own special glorification, at the same time jumbling together all the others, including man, under the appellation of brutes."

Men are not born nationalists. They acquire national consciousness and become national patriots because the political, economic, and social conditions of their time demand it. When these conditions change nationalism as a sentiment will be transformed along with them. Nationalism is merely one means by which men seek protection, security, social significance, and hope for the future.

Below the surface of their national peculiarities men remain more alike than different. It is a worn commonplace but nevertheless true—the safety of mankind in the Age of the Atom lies in the realization that the freedom and welfare of the individual are ultimately bound up with the freedom and welfare of all the peoples on earth. The desire for the well-being of one's own nation can be—and must be—made compatible with the well-being and survival of humanity.

The publishers have marred an otherwise fine production job by placing fifty-two pages of footnotes at the end of the book. The conscientious reader soon gets a crick-in-the-neck from left to right and reverse head movements, which make him feel eligible for the spectators' section at a Wimbledon tennis championship match. Considerate publishers should call a halt to this practice.

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The Fledgling Fuehrer

"The Young Hitler I Knew," by August Kubizek *(translated by E. V. Anderson. Houghton Mifflin. 298 pp. $4), throws light on the Fuehrer during three formative years. Here it is reviewed by George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College, New York City, who served as Land Commissioner for Bavaria in 1950-1951.*

By George N. Shuster

SO MUCH has been written about Adolf Hitler that to expect anything very new or significant would seem to be utopian. And yet August Kubizek's straightforward account of a friendship has the interest and immediacy which now and then make history come alive. Kubizek knew Hitler from the time he came to Linz to live with his widowed mother until the two of them, grown boon companions, stopped sharing the same furnished room in Vienna. This period, from 1905 to 1908, seems to have been a relatively normal one for the strange, morbidly sensitive, gifted, and puritanical son of a narrow-minded Braunau civil servant. Then Hitler disappeared into the penniless flop-house anonymity from which he did not emerge until 1913, when he joined the German Army. Some stray light has been thrown on these drab years by Konrad Heiden and others, but Kubizek offers for the first time a full-length portrait of Hitler as a boy. Its authenticity cannot be questioned. The documents adduced are ample proof, even if the candor of the writing did not speak for itself.

Kubizek was at the time a student of music and an accomplished viola player. He was intelligent, but he could only observe the studious pursuits and grandiose imaginative exploits of his boon companion with growing amazement. The poverty-stricken Hitler, whom the death of his mother deprived of a home and whose hope to study architecture had been quashed, was an imperious and lonely boy who dreamed up enterprises on an imperial scale—plans for magnificent public buildings and huge housing developments, endless operas and epics, and even a mammoth orchestra which was to travel about the land and bring the symphonies of Beethoven to even the remotest towns. His personal relationships reflected the same divergence between dream and reality. For a while he loved a girl ardently but did not go near her. His mode of living was Spartan to a point well beyond the puritanical. He detested sexual indulgence in all its forms, scorned alcohol and tobacco, and managed to live on the food of an anchorite. He read enormously, haphazardly, and was stirred by the opera and the theatre. Because he was impetuous and self-centered the contrast between what he actually was and what he hoped to be was even more glaring than were the cleavages between rich and poor in the Vienna of that day.

At the age of nineteen Hitler had already formulated his political doctrines. He was fanatically pro-German, not merely because the polyglot Austro-Hungarian Empire was making things more difficult for the German minority but also because all the heroes on whom his imagination fed were Germans. Hating the Czechs and the Jews with a venom which sometimes quite took Kubizek's breath away, he evolved the thesis of "biological purity," which he was later on to decree with such barbarous cruelty. And of course there was to be a "Revolution" which would enable society to put into effect the notions which were the product of this fertile but ruthlessly paranoic brain. That he was an oddly fascinating person is apparent from everything Kubizek says. But he could not be interested in carving any statues less formidable than the Colossus of Rhodes. Most striking fact of all in the book is probably that when Hitler was no longer able to foot his modest part of the bill for the furnished room he dropped out of Kubizek's life without a word or a sign, though when he came to power he indicated that the friendship (no doubt the one sincere attachment of his life save the love which bound him to his mother) had not been forgotten.

—*From the book.*

Hitler—"fertile paranoic brain."

THIS, then, is the story of an undisciplined and utterly frustrated intellectual who instead of turning to the Left formulated a doctrine of fanatical reaction which later on fired the imaginations and enkindled the loyalties of so many who were in a measure like himself. Could he have buckled down to normal academic routine and so learned to keep his unbridled will to power within bounds? Kubizek's book does not suggest this question or attempt to deal with it. But as one thinks of the fearful holocausts of which this unbalanced man was the instigator, and reflects on the fact that the grim social upheavals which have now brought the world to the brink of total destruction have their origins in his mind, one is tempted to walk along the street wondering whether among the boys who pass there may be one shaping similar

The Listener

By Florence Ripley Mastin

NOT when the roses of summer make the heart faint
With longing; not even when spring's young mouth closes
The unhealed wound, is earth's listener aware
Of the music beyond music, the voices beyond sound.

Autumn conveys them through the lilac-blue windows
Of distance, and through snow's angelus on the saddest days.
In the months of dying, in the dead months, the moment comes:

There is a rumor, an echo of music sighing,
Of voices faintly stirred, of faraway flutes
Whispering the listener without labored words

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dreams and enterprises. Just because he is so wholly without pretense and so unwilling to deny that the friendship he cherished was real Kubizek demonstrates once more the fateful attraction which the will to dominate has for those who do not object to being ruled. Sometimes the reader will find himself wishing he could shake this author. But being what he is this hitherto unknown Austrian has made one of the most significant contributions to our knowledge of Nazism.

Two-Faced Diplomat

LATTER-DAY BISMARCK: Critics of modern Germany who argue from the past have one historical hostage, Gustav Stresemann, whom they invariably introduce as evidence that even the best German is dangerously nationalistic and diabolically cunning. Stresemann, as Germany's foreign minister from 1923 to his death in 1929, succeeded in obtaining vital concessions from the Allies, all in the aura of the Locarno spirit. But Stresemann, the good European, was condemned during the last war as a forerunner of Hitler, as a proponent of German rearmament and conquest. His defenders remained unconvinced, and the only point on which both sides agreed was his stature as a latter-day Bismarck—a judgment consonant with the inflationary times in which he lived.

The most important issue in the Stresemann controversy has been authoritatively analyzed in **"Stresemann and the Rearmament of Germany,"** by Hans W. Gatzke (Johns Hopkins Press, $3). On the basis of captured private papers, Gatzke concludes that Stresemann was aware of the German violations of the disarmament provisions of the Versailles Treaty even though he denied them to Briand, that he deceived the Allies about the importance of para-military formations, and that he entertained hopes for German expansion in the east which ill-fitted the Locarno spirit. Mr. Gatzke only skirts the problem of Stresemann's ultimate plans, since his study concentrates rigidly on rearmament. In that field the book is a valuable contribution, enhanced by Mr. Gatzke's penetrating insights and sureness of style. Mr. Gatzke is a generous judge: ". . . the picture of Stresemann . . . is that of a great German statesman, the greater perhaps for the two-faced policy which devotion to his country and the belief in its future made him pursue . . ." And while one can't always agree in the particular, one should welcome this new generosity in German historians. —FRITZ STERN.

An Ear to the RAF

***"The Mint," by T. E. Lawrence** (Doubleday. 250 pp. Limited edition of 1,000 copies, $20 each), is a record of the noted writer's experiences as an RAF cadet in World War I. Our reviewer, Vincent Sheean, novelist and biographer, has served as a correspondent in many parts of the world.*

By Vincent Sheean

FLEEING his fame at its height, Lawrence "of Arabia" enlisted in the RAF as an ordinary airman under the name of Ross in August 1922. He was discovered the following January and compelled to leave the service, which, however, he was allowed to reenter two and a half years later under the name of Shaw. During his first period, that of basic training at Uxbridge, he kept notes every night on his bunk in a hut full of roystering airmen; at the beginning of the second period he wrote letters of some length to friends. Still later, while he was on duty at Karachi, he revised and rearranged the first notes, adding to them excerpts from letters on various subjects from the Cadet School at Cranwell. This, then, is "The Mint," a work which for many years excited more curiosity unseen than most published books ever achieve.

It was Lawrence's wish to postpone publication at least until mid-century when, he supposed, most of the persons described would be dead. He thought of "The Mint" as an introduction, and no more, to the great work he had in mind on the RAF. It was to deal with "the conquest of the air," the greatest task of his generation as he saw it; it was to have been, one can see from this, a work both particular and general, soundly based in technical knowledge of the machine but rising to a lyrical concept of the new dimension and the new men and values. The "great work" was never written, and after he had, as he said, "become" the RAF himself he could no longer write upon it. In 1936, one year after his death, copies were put into print by Doubleday in the United States to preserve the copyright, and then sealed up. Among the very few who read the manuscript were Edward Garnett, who had it typed out, Bernard Shaw, and E. M. Forster. From Garnett's typed version, again revised by Lawrence, this edition at last has been prepared.

If the book had been published in the period of its writing it would have stunned all readers by its obscenity alone. Now thirty years have passed and it is no longer a secret from the reading public that men in the armed services rely heavily upon Anglo-Saxon monosyllables when they are together. It may still be said that nobody yet, to my knowledge, has used these indecencies so fully, accurately, and skilfully: one can hear the voices from 1922, although indeed they were the same in this last war, and Chaucer could have understood them too. Lawrence confesses that he was never able to talk the language, but he noted it down with an infallible ear.

His talent for writing was shown at its most personal in "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which Winston Churchill puts among the greatest books ever written in English. Here we have no such plenitude of orchestral effect; everything is simpler, more concrete, more objective—if such a word could ever be used of Lawrence. The Uxbridge part (training) contains the daily narrative and practically all the obscenity; the Cranwell part contains the lyrical effusions (not too elaborate) and the theory of the future in the air. There is scarcely a hint in any of it that this ordinary

T. E. Lawrence—"nothing is solved."

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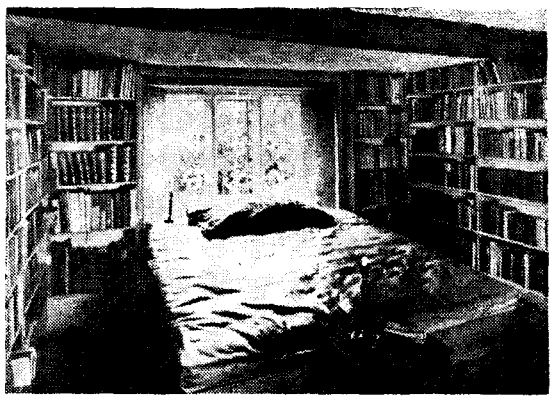
aircraftsman, this engine mechanic, had already had a resounding public career and had become a legend in his own time. The experiences might be those of any enlisted man in the RAF, even though they are told from the point of view of a sensitive and complex human being. The reader has to keep on reminding himself that the author actually is Lawrence "of Arabia" and not Joe Doakes; for, if the truth be known, half the interest arises from the authorship and the larger story, which he never tells and which may never be told, of his flight from himself.

EVEN if it had been by Joe Doakes it would be a work of remarkable nervous power, generating its own tensions; at moments it makes one think obscurely of "The Enormous Room." Lawrence's talent, self-conscious to the point of agony, never divested itself of all its unconquerable affectations—how could it? They were part of the whole. If he tortured himself, as one often feels, with an unholy deliberation; if he reveled in those words and phrases which he was too fastidious to employ in his own speech; if he loathed his own body and had no direct experience of sex, "never having been tempted so to peril my mortal soul," these are all part of the phenomenon which made him act and write as he did. If he had not been so strange a combination of scholar, monk, mechanic, and adventurer, and in all his elements so painfully ingrown and aware, neither the story nor the style would have come to pass.

"The Mint" represents in a good many respects his own revulsion against "The Seven Pillars," which he had labored over for years, then lost, then wrote again; if "The Seven Pillars" may be called romantic, this book is anti-romantic. That, at all events, is its obvious intention. The moon and the clouds and the trees are more or less thrown in to take off the hard edges—to keep the work from being what Bernard Shaw called "too dry." But was it really possible for Lawrence to divest himself of romanticism? Almost any reader of this book would agree that it is still there, in many a passage, and above all towards the end in the dreams of an air world. His truth, his being, was all inside himself, and he died before he could struggle through his innumerable clouds to an eventual sky —before he could, in fact, become himself. From the point of view of his own character, which must always be the chief interest to any reader of his work, nothing is solved, nothing, indeed, is known, and "The Mint," by attempting to contradict "The Seven Pillars," only adds to the puzzle.

BEHIND THE BOOK



Lawrence's reading room in his Dorset home, now owned by the National Trust and open to visitors.

OF ALL THE curiosities of the book publishing business few are more curious than T. E. Lawrence's "The Mint," a present-day review of which appears in the columns at the left. For this book, which has now appeared in a limited edition at $20 a copy, is the same book which in 1936 was locked behind burglar-proof glass in the Library of Congress, was offered for sale at the fantastic price of $500,000 a copy, and was the subject of one of *The Saturday Review*'s most famous journalistic scoops.

The story of all this goes back to 1935 when, by the terms of the author's will, it was stipulated that publication of "The Mint" be postponed until "at least 1950." It was this request which brought the fantastic complications which resulted. For, in order to preserve the copyright, his publishers, Doubleday & Co. (then Doubleday, Doran & Co.), were forced to print up fifty copies. These were ordinary enough looking books, being bound in boards and unusual only in the fact that they were a little outsize. Of them, only ten copies were offered for sale—at the half-a-million-dollar-a-copy price. There were no takers. Of the remaining forty copies thirty-eight were either retained by the publishers or returned to the author's estate, leaving two copies to be deposited, according to law, in the Library of Congress. These two copies were jealously guarded in a burglar-proof case and, in the New York Book Fair of 1936, one of them was also displayed—again behind burglar-proof glass.

It was on November 13, 1936 that *SR*'s Henry Seidel Canby made the scoop which brought even more publicity to the book. After long inquiry and many complicated arrangements Mr. Canby managed to secure the Library's permission to read one of its copies provided that he did not quote directly from it. As he read the book Mr. Canby sat under the constant surveillance of a librarian. Of this experience Dr. Canby wrote in *SR* November 21, 1936, "A librarian and I sat with a million dollars' worth of books (asking price) on the table between us; and I wondered whether one of them was worth half of it. 'The Seven Pillars' [an earlier Lawrence book] is worth a million—if you can value a great book at all. What about 'The Mint'?"

Then having read the book Dr. Canby reported, "It is not a book, it is a foundation, a porch to a great edifice that was never built, a torso, with a sketch of the whole added." He was, of course, speaking of the greater book which Lawrence had planned to write, using "The Mint" as a take-off point. But of "The Mint" itself Mr. Canby was almost as enthusiastic. "What [Lawrence] has written," Mr. Canby said, "[is] self-revealing and [has] the high literary value of all writing which makes the personality articulate. But 'The Mint' has another quality in which Lawrence is not excelled by any writer of our time—the brief but vivid merit of saga—that kind of narrative which is so good because intense experience is told with the restraint of one who knows action as well as words. . . . Unlike a man who lives in order to make books, this amateur of genius sets down what he saw and felt, leaving his book to wait upon circumstance."

Now, almost twenty years later, "The Mint" has been released to the public, again in a limited edition and again at a high price. But by comparison this new edition could be called a popular one. For it is limited only to 1,000 copies and the price is a comparatively low $20. As its publishers, Doubleday & Co., have high hopes that this time—now that they *really* want them—they will find some takers.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

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Peace Within a Seashell

"Gift From the Sea," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh *(Pantheon. 128 pp. $2.75), is a collection of essays discussing a woman's feeling of aloneness in the world of today and of ways to ameliorate it.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

ELINOR WYLIE, in one of her best-known poems, wrote:

. . . I was, being human,
born alone,
I am, being woman, hard beset . . .

Anne Morrow Lindbergh, herself a poet, a woman, and a perceptive and sensitive human being, submits a like text in her wise and thoughtful book "Gift From the Sea."

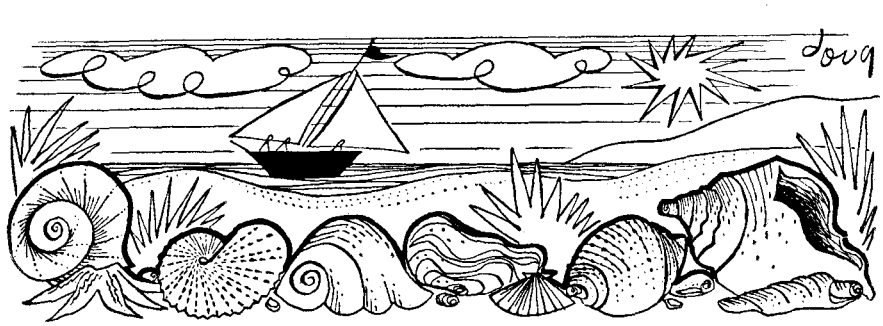
"I began these pages for myself," she says in a brief foreword, "in order to think out my own particular pattern of life, my own individual balance of life, work, and human relationships. . . . But as I went on writing and simultaneously talking with other women, old and young, with different lives and experiences—those who supported themselves, those who wished careers, those who were hard-working wives and mothers, and those with more ease—I found that my point of view was not unique. . . ."

It is no new problem which the author considers in this modest collection of related essays; Socrates and Plotinus pondered it, men and women of many moods and minds have wrestled with it down the centuries. It is basically the tremendous and ever-encroaching problem of how to maintain an inner serenity in the midst of the distractions of life, how to remain balanced, no matter what forces tend to pull one off center; how to be the still axis within the revolving wheel of relationships and activities.

"I want," says Mrs. Lindbergh, speaking for a host of her less articulate sisters, "to give and take from my children and husband, to share with friends and community, to carry out my obligation to man and to the world, as a woman, as an artist, as a citizen. But I want first of all, in fact as an end to these other desires, to be at peace with myself. I want a singleness of eye, a purity of intention, a central core to my life that will enable me to carry out these obligations and activities as well as I can."

In a characteristically poetic and beautifully valid approach to these considerations, Mrs. Lindbergh chose as the background for her book a two-weeks' vacation at the seashore, on a small island somewhere off the southern Atlantic coast. Alone on the beach, the shells that she finds and gathers propose the perfect and inevitable metaphor: those shells cast on the beaches of the mind by the long rollers of the Unconscious, not sought for, not impatiently dredged up, but awaited, with patience and faith, as that Sea's gift. And in another sense the actual shells—the whelk, the moonshell, the lowly oyster, the rare, frail Argonauta, so various in their shapes, so differing in color and texture—become the symbols of various aspects of her life. These are the shells, the shapes of life we all wear.

WITH discernment and intelligent practicality the author considers the conflicts, the pressures, the incredible multiplicity of modern life, and she suggests some clues toward the solution of a problem which is at once universal and individual. She is aware that retreat to an ivory tower, or to an eternal beach, is impossible, even if it were desirable. But every person, says Mrs. Lindbergh firmly, and especially every woman, should be alone sometime during the year, some part of each week and each day. Yet, unfortunately, the world today does not seem to understand, in either man or woman, the need to be alone.



—*Lucia Nebel White.*

Anne Morrow Lindbergh—"aware."

"Anything else will be accepted as a better excuse," she comments ruefully. "If one sets aside time for a business appointment, a social engagement, a shopping expedition, that time is accepted as inviolable. But if one says 'I cannot come because it is my hour to be alone' one is considered rude, egotistical, or strange."

Simplification of one's life is essential, she suggests, and a means to the integration of one's self. And the acceptance of change, or intermittency, is a lesson the shells and the sea teach. Balance, Solitude, Charity—practised at home, at the core. When we start at the center of ourselves, she concludes sensibly, we discover something worthwhile extending toward the periphery of the circle.

Admittedly, there is nothing particularly revelatory in Mrs. Lindbergh's counsel. It is sane and sound and good, and much of it has been said before, in more or less memorable fashion, by many thoughtful writers, psychologists, ministers, and family counselors. Mrs. Lindbergh expresses her views with precision and a candor dimmed only slightly by a suggestion of well-bred restraint, an innate reserve which, however ardently moved or agonized its possessor might be, never forgets its dignity. What gives the book its real distinction and individuality is, of course, the personality of its author, pervasive as her beach's sun-washed, salt-sweet air. Anne Morrow Lindbergh has the poet's capacity for investing the thing seen with its subjective raiment, of choosing the valid external symbol of an idea or an emotion. She has, as well, a quick responsiveness to the natural world about her, and a way of transmuting that awareness to the reader. And she has an appealing charm whose feminine gentleness does not conceal the purposeful integrity and resolution beneath.

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A Major Life

***"An Autobiography," by Edwin Muir** (William Sloane Assoc. 288 pp. $5), is the personal history of a boy from the Orkney Islands who achieved distinction as a translator, poet, and essayist. W. T. Scott, our reviewer, is the former book editor of the* Providence [Rhode Island] Journal.

By W. T. Scott

CHILDHOOD is always a lost world. One has to live only forty or fifty years to regard one's childhood as remote and romantic. This occurs by the changes in oneself, of course, but also in combination with the changes in history and society; and though no doubt civilized man has always felt this experience, one cannot help believing it has been sharpened, aggravated by the almost unassimilable accelerations of the past half century. Edwin Muir's childhood is even especially far away, for it was simple in the rural ways that had endured for generations and it was really remote. He was born, in 1887, in the Orkney Islands off the coast of Scotland, and he lived there until he was fourteen. His father was a tenant farmer.

In an "Autobiography" which is for the most part distinguished work, Muir writes of that childhood with particular beauty. The islands themselves are imbued with centuries of Scottish legend, far back in it even the Vikings whose names and stone cairns still mark that landscape. "The language we spoke," he recalls, "was a mixture of Norse, Scots, and Irish." It was a childhood lived close to the soil, intermingled with the lives and deaths of animals. There the adult world was attentive always to the rhythms of the seasons. And some of those adults are in "An Autobiography" with a quick liveliness: among them the storytelling father, the gentle mother, the hypochondriac and superstitious Aunt Maggie, the lecherous Cousin Sutherland, who "looked thirty-five all the time," had great charm, and always asked women "the subtle question 'Why not?'"

Yet it was Muir's very generation that felt the pull of the larger world. His older brothers sought jobs on the mainland. The family disintegrated, scattered. Presently the parents followed. Within two years of settling in Glasgow there were four deaths in the family: both parents and two of the brothers. The son Edwin was by sixteen out on his own.

Edwin Muir's name is beginning to be known as it deserves to be in this country. For years it appeared here chiefly as half of a husband-and-wife team of fine translators: Edwin and Willa Muir. But his own work, his critical essays and more notably still his poems, have only recently been given their merited attention. The first two-thirds of this "Autobiography" was published in England in 1940 as "The Story and the Fable"; and, truth to tell, I think this enlarged, up-to-date version descends somewhat from creation to chronicle as Muir runs over his recent years of teaching in Scotland and in Europe. It is never badly written and some of it, in particular the sad account of the Muirs' return to a ruined Prague, is memorable; but the deep richness of the book—and its firm design—exist in the (here revised) first two-thirds. In any case, we are lucky to have the "Autobiography"; it belongs certainly among Edwin Muir's major efforts and it presents us quite honestly with the substance of a life that had to struggle for existence and sanity as it was wrenched from that ancient world of the Orkney Islands into the chaos of the twentieth century.

In other words it is, as a good autobiography should be, both a physical and an intellectual account.

Altogether it reveals a complex and yet modest, decent man. One may say of Edwin Muir what he says of an impoverished, attractive Junker he knew in Hellerau: "I cannot remember that he had any 'views'; I think he had only devotions."

Notes

WORDSWORTH AND HIS SISTER: "Wordsworth has been the subject of too much bardolatry and too little criticism," states F. W. Bateson in the preface to his vigorously written **"Wordsworth, A Re-Interpretation"** (Longmans, Green, $3.50), and he plunges in to set the balance right. His book has aroused sharp controversy in England, for he comes up with the theory that for several years before his marriage Wordsworth suffered from a guilty incestuous passion for his sister, and though he thrust it out of his mind it remained in his subconscious and reappeared in his poetry, particularly the Lucy poems and Book I of "The Prelude." The warm affection shared by William and Dorothy has of course long been known, and their friends saw nothing peculiar in it; but Mr. Bateson shrewdly focuses his thesis with extracts from the sister's journal and the brother's poems. The flaw lies in the nature of his evidence: Dorothy's journal mirrors only her own exaggerated feelings, while William's poetry can only be interpreted obliquely, and Mr. Bateson deflects it in the direction of his thesis.

But there is no harm in this game, really, since Mr. Bateson keeps his eye on the poetry, and subjects it to very keen scrutiny. With so introspective a poet as Wordsworth he is in the main successful as biographical sleuth and literary critic. One of his main tasks is to explain why Wordsworth sang with "two voices"—the noble sublime and the bathetic ridiculous—often in the same poem. His arguments and criticism are so fresh that they will at least persuade the reader to reread, and perhaps to reinterpret, Wordsworth's poetry.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

LITERATURE IN OUTLINE: The relation between literature and literary history is often misunderstood by people who find it easier to memorize the gossip about writers and books than to read the books. They know all about literature, and this peripheral, *ersatz* knowledge can serve in examinations or culture-fests. How much easier to bone up with an outline or concise handbook than to spend time reading books! This sad comment is stimulated by a newly published handbook, A. C. Ward's **"Illustrated History of English Literature, Vol. II"** (Longmans, Green, $5.50). From Ben Jonson to Samual Johnson states the title-page, at once setting the tone for its style—pithy and pungent phrases, easy to remember. In the span of 236 pages Mr. Ward polishes off two centuries of all forms of English writing. Thus many writers get no more than dates and a sentence or two. Occasionally the important ones are poorly balanced, as when Pope's later and great satires are omitted. And the stringent handbook categories make for chronological trouble, as when "Hudibras" (1663) is discussed *after* Defoe, Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope.

There already exist recent comprehensive, compact histories of English literature: Moody and Lovett revised by Millett, Legouis, and Cazamian; the "Concise CHEL"; and within the last seven years one edited by Hardin Craig (Oxford) and one by Albert C. Baugh (Appleton-Century-Crofts)—the last the most useful of all because of its full scope and detailed bibliographies. Mr. Ward's volume does contain a new feature, excellent illustrations chosen by Elizabeth Williams; but they hardly disguise the futile text.

—R. H.

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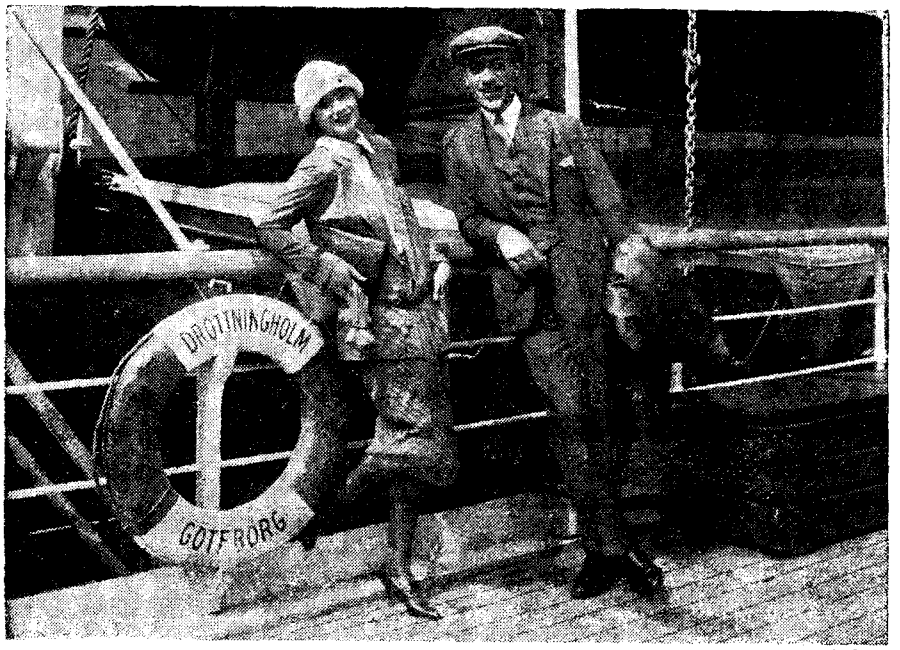

—Culver.

Arriving in America for the first time, with Mauritz Stiller —"strange formative power [of] the great Swedish director."

The Divine Greta

***"Garbo," by John Bainbridge** (Doubleday. 256 pp. $4), is a biography of the greatest legend the motion picture has created.*

By Arthur Knight

NOT long ago a small New York art theatre revived the 1937 Garbo film "Camille." To everyone's astonishment, it played to the best business the house had ever known, convincing M-G-M to reissue the picture nationally. Apparently, even though it is now almost fifteen years since Garbo made her last film, her name is still potent, her special magic still alive.

Another indication of the timeless hold that Garbo has upon her fans is the appearance, at this late date, of John Bainbridge's conscientious, sympathetic biography. A talented profile writer for *The New Yorker*, Bainbridge pursues his subject with the inexhaustible enthusiasm and painstaking search for detail that generally characterize such pieces. His pursuit, according to the jacket, carried him to Hollywood, New York, Stockholm, Paris, and London. He checked documents, interviewed friends and acquaintances of Garbo, quotes extensively from earlier articles and books. There is no indication that he received either the slightest help or encouragement from the subject herself. Chances are, in fact, that she threw every possible obstacle in his way. Garbo's friends are either as close-mouthed as she—or they don't remain Garbo's friends.

As a consequence, Bainbridge wisely confines himself for the most part to the surface facts of Garbo's extraordinary career, a career that began when Garbo was barely sixteen. Five years later, in 1926, she was already an M-G-M star, the *femme fatale* in the first of the series of wild melodramas and satiny romances that were to serve as Garbo vehicles for the next fifteen years. Indeed, as Bainbridge points out, rarely has a great career been cut from such shoddy material. Perhaps half a dozen of her stories could be considered really worthy of her. Not one of her films can properly be called great. Nevertheless, in all of them Garbo invested her roles with an eloquence of gesture, a grace of movement, a sincerity that invariably rose above the most inane and banal of stories. "She knew just what she had to do and how she expected to do it," Bainbridge quotes her favorite director, Clarence Brown, as saying. It is possible that she actually believed in her characters. But, more important, she had the ability to make her audiences believe in them—at least as long as she was on the screen.

Inevitably the question arises, how was this half-educated daughter of a Swedish laborer able to create such memorable portraits of luxurious, love-hungry sirens? Here Bainbridge is of little help. To say that she had genius is scarcely enough, although undoubtedly it's true. Nor is it enough to state that she "was guided by a secret, sublime, infallible instinct to do the right thing in the right way." Such an answer begs the question. It ignores her years of intensive training at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm. But, more than that, it minimizes the strange, formative power that the great Swedish director Mauritz Stiller held over the young Garbo. It was Stiller who discovered and gave Garbo her first important screen role. In her he sensed the potentialities of a true star, and he molded her to his preconceived image. When Louis B. Mayer brought Stiller to this country it was Stiller who insisted that Garbo also be given a contract. He coached her through her first two Hollywood films.

Himself a failure in the American studios, Stiller returned to Sweden alone. Bainbridge reports Garbo's emotion as she saw her mentor leave. Soon after Stiller died; while Garbo,

—Acme.

Pre-American acting—"timeless hold."

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at twenty-three, remained in Hollywood as Metro's brightest star. One can only guess how this irony affected Garbo, both personally and as an artist. And one wonders if her own life, with its bold flouting of conventions on the one hand and its frantic, furtive avoidance of attention on the other, might not have been happier—perhaps in the long run even more productive—if she had returned to Sweden with Stiller, as apparently she had planned to do. Instead, she remained, growing steadily more reclusive, more aloof. Finally, distressed by the reception accorded "Two-Faced Woman," in 1941 she "temporarily" withdrew from pictures. She was just thirty-six. Despite frequent offers, she has made no film since.

Will Garbo ever act again? The answer this book suggests is that, for a number of reasons, she probably won't. It is a conclusion curiously confirmed in the two handsome Garbo portraits by Anthony Beauchamp that adorn the jacket. Undeniably hers is still, as the caption puts it, "the face of the century." The delicate nose, the arched brow, the high, firm cheekbones, the wide, expressive mouth—all seem unchanged, youthful, indestructible. But it is a mask, passive, without animation, almost without life. Fortunately, as "Camille" reminds us, the living image does remain, though locked away in the vaults of M-G-M. And, though Garbo may make no further pictures, her legend remains as well. John Bainbridge, with his careful research, his anecdotes, his excellent reportage—and over fifty well-chosen stills—lends fascinating substance to that legend.

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

In childhood—"potentialities of a star."

—*Acme.*

In maturity—". . . 'face of the century'."

—*Culver.*

With John Gilbert in "Woman of Affairs"—"sincerity above inane and banal stories."

—*Museum of Modern Art.*

With Robert Taylor in "Camille"—"still potent, her special magic still alive."

—*Acme.*

Back from Europe—"her legend remains."

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The Saturday Review

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The Death of a Racket

THE Matusow testimony to anyone who will listen places a bouquet of forget-me-nots on the grave of McCarthy. The ridiculousness of the whole silly series of investigations now becomes apparent, even to what a friend of mine used to call peanut-munchers. Matusow will have a much greater effect than he knows. What follows cannot be worse and may be better. It will surely be funny.

Matusow, swearing he was a Communist, was employed by various parts of our Government to swear that hundreds of other people were Communists. And now, he says, he lied. He swears that other professional Government witnesses also lied. Now a wave of hysteria has swept over the investigators. Senators who are personally involved cry out that Matusow lies now but didn't lie when he testified for them and against their enemies. A certain Senator not notorious for telling the truth himself says very sharply that he pays no attention to liars. And yet this liar campaigned for this Senator in a happier time. Very serious men are trying to determine when Matusow lied and when he did not. And the conclusion seems to be that he was truthful when he testified in your favor, and a liar when against. No one has publicly suspected that he was possibly a liar all the time—even now.

Matusow's description of the life of an informer is a sad commentary but a believable one. It is the story of Titus Oates all over again. An obscure man or woman, unsuccessful or unnoticed, joined or claimed to have joined the Communist Party. Perhaps the joining itself grew out of the desire to be noticed. The subject then recanted and offered his services to the Republic for the purpose of denouncing its enemies. Instantly such a person had dramatic center. Attentions were showered on him. Not only was he paid as a Government expert but he was paid for lectures. Magazines fought for his articles. He experienced the headiest of all drugs. As Matusow says, his fear was that it would all be over and himself again reduced to obscurity. It is natural that he would cast about for means to maintain his lonely position by bringing larger and more flamboyant charges. Remember—when Titus Oates's first bill of charges was thrown out he countered with a second larger bill. The parallel is exact.

Not only was the peak position of public informer precarious, it was also highly competitive. If one didn't keep center there were many others waiting to step into your position. If one's information dried up one was finished. A very famous informer dribbled out his revelations over a period of ten years. He is the dean. None other has ever equaled his technique.

Such were the winds of the times that certain basic nonsense was allowed to pass unnoticed. For example, a man with a perfectly clear record had to undergo a security check before being allowed to serve the Government. Even a suspicion of his having been near to the Communist Party was enough to eliminate him. During this process he was subjected to the scrutiny of self-confessed ex-Communists. In other words, the candidate's fate was in the hands of men and women who under the law could not themselves have been trusted in a Government job. I put all of this in the past tense because I believe it is nearly over. I suspect that Government informers, even if they have told the truth, can't survive Matusow's testimony. He has said that it was a good racket. Well, Matusow has ruined the racket. It will never be so good again.

Now, in spite of the hysterical words of the investigators about when they believe Matusow was lying and when telling the truth, the fact is that every bit of the testimony of professional witnesses will have to be inspected in terms of the old-fashioned rules of evidence. It is possible that much accurate testimony will be thrown out because of the perjured.

ALL of this is important, but even more important is the quick and violent change in the public climate. In the theatre the other night a reference to professional witnesses was greeted with roars of laughter. There is a great feeling of relief in the air. The man who six months ago nodded solemnly over the revelations of a menopaused virgin will now be able to believe and say that he never took it seriously. It will now become apparent that 165,000,000 people have been shuddering in terror at a problematical 50,000 Communists.

The pendulum swing is manifest in many directions. If Cohn and Schine should travel again they would frighten no one. The books are coming back on the shelves of our libraries. The price for one noisy Senator's speeches has dropped to very little, and his political support has become dreaded. It is interesting to see various Congressmen try to disassociate themselves from the whole thing.

It is inevitable that some officials caught with their pants irretrievably down must charge that Matusow is still a Communist and that his reversal is a part of a plot of the masterminds of the Kremlin. But the time for such reasoning has passed. No Communist tactician would destroy the climate of disunity and suspicion which has haunted us for the last few years by substituting a return to sanity. An effective Communist Party would much rather keep the investigations going with their harvest of fear and disruption than to produce laughter which, in my estimation, is what Communists have most to fear and against which they have no armor.

We cannot know for sure why Matusow did any of it; whether, as some say, it was a deep plot all along or whether—as he himself says—to make a buck. But his testimony and retestimony may well be the little push which causes the pendulum of common sense to swing back. It seems to be happening right now.

—JOHN STEINBECK.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COLONIALISM GOOD OR BAD

As an Indian, it pains me when someone reopens an old wound (the slavery of India under the British) which was well-nigh healed up by now. Philip Woodruff, with all his good intentions, seems to have done exactly this in his article "Votes, Wizards, Roads, and Bread" [*SR* Mar. 12]. The matter would have been personal (*i.e.*, between an Englishman and an Indian), and would not have needed this public comment, had Woodruff not touched on some broader issues of the day.

Colonialism is not yet dead, although the guiding ideology of some of the colonial powers may have changed. The issue is this: Is colonialism good or bad? Woodruff thinks that it is "neither always good nor always bad." If by this he means that some peoples in the world need help or tutelage in order to survive and grow I would partly agree with him. But apparently he does not think in terms of stewardship or "sacred trust." He has before him the image of a "bumbling uncle" or a benign father "giving Junior his first lesson in driving an automobile." The parental authority can play havoc with the child's personality, and Woodruff with all his experience in the colonial service and knowledge of Freud should know this.

Woodruff's appraisal of the motivation of colonial powers seems very unrealistic. If their intentions are benign, why don't the colonial powers put *all* their colonies under the "trusteeship system" of the United Nations? Why is the stranglehold on Morocco and Tunisia not relaxed in spite of all that has happened there recently? It may be all right for a British delegate to say in the United Nations that "a good government is a prelude to self-government," but the people in the governed areas want to know when and how soon this prelude will be over. At a time when centuries of technological progress are telescoped into days, it is natural that tempers will run high if days are extended into decades. However good an alien government may be, there is no substitute for self-government.

Colonialism has a long past, but a short history. Everyone knows what were the motivations of the European powers in establishing colonies in far off lands. They wanted trade, scarce raw materials, food, and "living space." But they did not stop there. With the implements and technology provided by industrialization, they had no difficulty or compunction in conquering the indigenous people and establishing their rule over them. It was Lord Acton who wrote, "Power tends to corrupt; absolute power corrupts absolutely." This, unfortunately, is the history of most colonial powers, especially in the heydays of their ascendancy. When Woodruff marshals the British accomplishments in India, he misrepresents facts by not putting them in proper perspective. Why does he not give similar figures for Great Britain (what she accomplished at home during the same period with the sweat and wealth of colonial peoples), which would give us a standard to compare with? The picture is distorted, not because what was done is not impressive, but because what was not done is vastly more appalling.

Baidya N. Varna.

New York, N. Y.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"My idea, your majesty, is to build a cone instead of a pyramid—just to relieve the monotony."

SR'S "PUBLIC PHILOSOPHY"

How good it is to read "Votes, Wizards, Roads, and Bread," by Philip Woodruff. On such important and difficult subjects it is super-service to us readers to get competent discussion on the level of "public philosophy" or, more accurately, principles that will some day *bring* public philosophy.

Francis Goodell.

Yarmouthport, Mass.

MISSING MAGIC

I have just read "The Proper Pose of Poetry," by Archibald MacLeish [*SR* Mar. 5]. When I reached the Shakespeare sonnet I read it carefully and thought I understood its meaning. But, when I continued and came upon MacLeish's translation, a dissection of this sonnet, the entire poem became a mess of bloody guts, liver, and other various cuttings such as one might expect to see after a lesson in anatomy—but, alas, the magic of Shakespeare was no longer there. There was no heart at all.

I looked upon the sonnet with horror. Was it possible that the Bard had put such "mish-mash" into this little gem? Was it possible that he had thought of patterns of Counterpoint against the regular Iambic Meter, with sequences of syllables opening and closing upon themselves—or did he just write it and let it go at that?

Isidore Zeiger.

New York, N. Y.

EXAMPLE BY RILKE

As an appropriate footnote to Archibald MacLeish's acute and admirable essay "The Proper Pose of Poetry" both he and you will be interested in a version of one of Rainer Maria Rilke's posthumous poems which bears upon the inner processes of poetry.

An indescribable transmutation alters
Life into forms:—feel and believe the same!
We suffer when our flame to ashes falters;
Not so in art. There dust turns into flame.

Magic behold: the word, the ordinary,
Seems in this realm to rise to new estate;
And yet is in its being like the very
Cry of the dove for its invisible mate.

Ludwig Lewisohn.

Waltham, Mass.

THE PEARL KING

Bennett Cerf had a piece recently [Trade Winds, *SR* Mar. 5] on Kokichi Mikimoto, "the pearl king," and asserted that "he discovered the secret of producing cultured pearls." This is nothing new in Eastern Asia. In the "Wen ch'ang tsa lu," by P'ang Yüan-ying, a Chinese who flourished in 1082 A. D., there is a short discussion of pearl production by means of artificial stimulation. Mikimoto's genius lay in making all that money, not in making imitation pearls.

L. Carrington Goodrich.

New York, N. Y.

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Turnabout in the Witness Box

"False Witness," by Harvey Matusow *(Cameron and Kahn. 255 pp. Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, $1.25), is a report on his career by a former Communist and self-confessed perjuror, whose case is discussed editorially by John Steinbeck on page 26. Our reviewer, Edward Ranzal, is a staff reporter for* The New York Times.

By Edward Ranzal

LAST month, as a reporter for *The New York Times,* I watched an adroit and chubby young man mount the witness stand and say of his frequent past appearances there, "I lied." Last week I read this same young man's book, "False Witness," a book in which he says that he is trying to undo the harm he once did in helping to convict thirteen secondary Communists.

As every newspaper reader knows, this young author-witness is Harvey Matusow, a twenty-nine-year-old Bronx-born ex-Communist and ex-paid informer who, contrary to the usual—and until recently more important—pattern of turnabout ex-Communist witnesses, has turned about again.

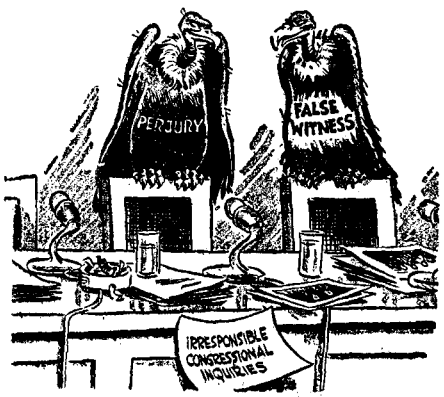
The book and the recent turnabout testimony of Mr. Matusow tell an essentially identical and interesting, yet psychologically pat and sordid, story (though there are some omissions in the book). According to the book as well as the testimony, Mr. Matusow first became interested in the Communist movement through two Army sergeants in his infantry company in World War II. The sergeants were Party members. He was recruited into the Communist Party in October 1947.

"I wanted identity," Mr. Matusow pleads again and again in his book, almost too knowingly. "I had a desire to be somebody." And, patly, he intimates of the psychological jealousy he had of his older brother who had been killed in the war. Then he glosses over his period of Party activity with nothing more than a cursory outline of the organizations to which he belonged and of his own minor, though egotistical, achievements in them.

The book tells of Mr. Matusow's feverish preparation for his later role as a Government witness and as an expert on Communism. He gave the FBI a seventy-five page account of his Party associations. The document, which was also sent to the House Un-American Committee for advance billing, listed 180 persons whom he had known as Communists. He was then coached in the art of becoming a good and important Government witness by an experienced couple who had helped the FBI. He says that he realized that only startling information would place him on a level with Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz, the elite of reformed Communists. He says that he was able to supply such "information" by pure fabrication and by twisting half-truths.

He tells of his testimony against Owen Lattimore. ("I climaxed my testimony with the dramatic assertion that Owen Lattimore's books were used as the official Communist Party guides on Asia. Once again I told a complete falsehood. . . . Subsequently Lattimore was indicted.") He tells of his testimony against the thirteen secondary Communists, four of whom he specifically whitewashes; and in the appendix of the book he prints sworn affidavits that he testified falsely against them. He shows how he falsely trumped up the number of Communists he testified were on the staff of *The New York Times* and he goes through a wondrous tale of his association with Senator McCarthy, of his alleged treachery with Roy Cohn, of his connivance with Hearst editors, and of his dishonesty in helping to convict a number of Communists throughout the country.

With the actual appearance of the book recently the question of Mr. Matusow's honesty has become even more involved. For it has been pointed out that in his past Mr. Matusow would do anything for a buck, as indeed he himself has admitted. It has also been pointed out that one of the biggest advance orders for copies of "False Witness"—one for 11,000 copies—came from none other than the United Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, a union which Mr. Matusow once smeared but now exonerates in his book. And, on top of this, it has been pointed out that Mr. Matusow's royalties were upped by his publishers shortly after he had supplied counsel for the thirteen Communists and supplied them with the affidavits asserting that he had testified falsely in their 1952 trial. And, to add further complications, it has been pointed out that Mr. Matusow's publishers were among those whom Mr. Matusow singled out in 1952 as Communists, though he has since given them a clean bill of health. As a result, the authenticity of "False Witness" and all the other current public and egotistical self-debasements of Mr. Matusow fall under suspicion.



—*Alexander in* The Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Home to Roost."

AS A reporter, I have, of course, talked with Mr. Matusow, often rather amiably. He is always cooperative. But at the same time I have always had the feeling that, when we talked, he was trying too hard to use me to convince others that, having flip-flopped, he is now telling the truth. There can hardly be any question that in his twenty-five appearances before Congressional committees and court trials Matusow glibly gave some false testimony. There is also no doubt that he would have done—and perhaps still will do—anything "for a buck."

Yet, the question still remains whether or not he is telling the truth now. In his book again and again Mr. Matusow explains that the half-truth is the most dangerous truth of all untruths because it is hardest to disprove. He also tells a great deal about how he became a past-master at telling the half-truth because it sounds so truthful. He used this technique, he admits, in order to make himself important. At the end of his book Mr. Matusow, apparently forgetting his contrition, says, "I am the mirror, you are the viewer, and this story is our reflection, for the things that I have done—what I have been—have affected your life and the times in which you live." It is difficult to keep from wondering if Mr. Matusow, slipping back into his old egotistical self, is not again telling a half-truth. We are the viewers, perhaps. But is he the mirror?

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The Man Next Door

"Forbidden Neighbors," by Charles Abrams *(Harper. 389 pp. $5), is a study of prejudice in housing in the United States. Nathan Straus, who reviews it here, is former administrator of the U. S. Housing Authority and author of "Two-Thirds of a Nation: A Housing Program."*

By Nathan Straus

CHARLES ABRAMS has written in "Forbidden Neighbors" a record, unique in its completeness, of the rise, spread, and meaning of prejudice in housing in this nation. It is, of course, more, because prejudice in housing cannot be separated from prejudice and exploitation of human beings in all sections of life. It is a crusading book—quietly so, with the facts, given in smooth, readable prose, presenting the case without pleading by the author. The role played by government agencies—local, state, and Federal—in promoting and sustaining segregation in housing is revealed in all its naked ugliness.

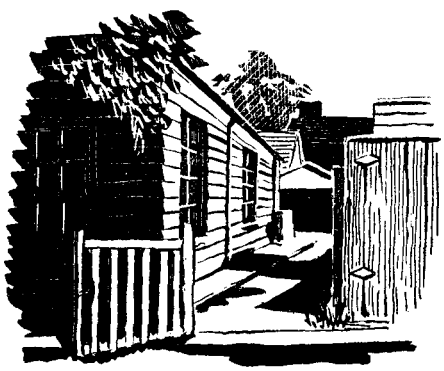
Urban redevelopment, or, more properly, community planning, is an immensely complex subject. It involves not merely architecture and construction, but traffic, recreation, education, including schools and libraries, public health, including health centers, and half a dozen other related problems. It is a field little explored or studied in the United States. In fact, there are probably no more than a hundred qualified experts in the whole country, of whom Charles Abrams is one.

The importance of Mr. Abrams's book is increased by reason of the dearth of information on segregation and discrimination, which is hardly touched upon in any of the current housing literature and dealt with if at all in semi-sensational manner by an occasional weekly or monthly magazine of general circulation or a series in a daily newspaper. Mr. Abrams's book is, of course, not a work of fictionalized fact or even of dramatic telling. It is, rather, a sober, factual, heavily documented, and scholarly study of practically every aspect of segregation and the price we have paid and are paying today for continuing the practice.

INDEED, the book is an encyclopedia on the subject of racial discrimination in the United States with chief emphasis, of course, on the nature and effect of segregation in housing and in neighborhoods. Let it be added, most emphatically, that "encyclopedia" refers to its content rather than its form. Considering the nature of the material, the book is amazingly readable.

Most interesting is Mr. Abrams's carefully documented proof that the pattern of discrimination—and the very wording of those who defend it—is the same in every era. Only the group against which discrimination is directed changes.

The author shows how a columnist in the *New York Mirror* is quoted in Youngstown, Ohio, to prove that Puerto Ricans are unable to assimilate and that "they soon become marijuana addicts, throng into cheap and crowded dives which cater to their



trade, and many become violent criminals with gun and knife. Many of them are dope peddlers. The crime rate is stupendous and it is increasing and spreading." But in the 1870s it was the Chinese, as Mr. Abrams points out, who were the undesirables. A San Francisco legislative committee reports then that the city's Chinatown was "the rankest outgrowth of human degradation that can be found upon this continent. Here it may truly be said that human beings exist under conditions scarcely one degree above those under which the rats of our waterfront and other vermin live, breath, and have their being. And this order of things seems *inseparable from the very nature of the race. . . .*" [Emphasis added.]

Every wave of immigration, Irish, Polish, Russian, Jewish, Italian, has been subjected to oppression and exploitation and degrading conditions of livelihood resulting in actions on their part that have served to sharpen the resentment against them.

One of the most important chapters in the book is entitled "A Program for Action." It might be studied with advantage by city and town officials and planning boards throughout the country. "Forbidden Neighbors" is a unique and worthy sequel to the chapters on the subject in Gunnar Myrdal's "An American Dilemma." It will be an indispensable reference work for many years to come.

Hope in the South

"Now Is the Time," by Lillian Smith *(Clothbound, Viking Press. $2. Paperbound, Dell Books, 25¢. 120 pp.), is a primer on racism in the United States with some suggestions as to how to combat it. Below it is reviewed by Hodding Carter, editor of the Greenville* [Miss.] Delta Democrat-Times.

By Hodding Carter

BY coincidence, "Now Is the Time," Lillian Smith's dramatic little primer on racism in the United States and how to end it, came to me at the same time as did a new Southern Regional Council pamphlet, about as long, and titled "Changing Patterns in the New South." They should be read as companion pieces.

Both have the same motivation. Both are the product of on-the-scene Southerners. The difference lies in the approach, and it is a difference which has always distinguished Miss Smith's sometimes over-emotional criticism of Southern and non-Southern shortcomings. Although "Now Is the Time" is a hopeful little book and generally a helpful one, it spends overmuch time scolding people for their prejudices—almost always white people.

The Southern Regional Council's selections from articles appearing in its monthly, *New South,* during the last ten years does not contain any scolding. Its purpose is to show how the pattern of race relations in the South has been changing with phenomenal rapidity. One is encouraged on reading it. Miss Smith's study is not as encouraging because of her conviction we aren't moving fast enough.

Yet much of value can be found in her 120-page resume of racial patterns of the past, the present, and a future that may or may not be as near as she hopes. She is lucid in her account of the ill effects of European colonialism and the doctrine of white supremacy upon the awakening Asiatic masses. In the four months I spent in Asia some two years ago not a day passed without my being challenged on these grounds. But it is fallacious and dangerous to proclaim such attitudes as peculiar to the Western white man. Contempt for the dissimilar and the economically or culturally inferior isn't confined to our hemisphere and it is at least matched in its political and moral aspects by the Communist enemy which has sold such a bill of goods to the color-conscious Orient.

Miss Smith makes her most valuable

(Continued on page 35)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"SIDESHOW" AND SIDE SHOWS

THE arrival of spring finds the off-Broadway garden blooming with resurrected classics. Shakespeare is at the Jan Hus House and at the Davenport, Ibsen at the Phoenix, Moliere at the Downtown National, Chekhov at the Fourth Street, Shaw at the Provincetown, O'Casey at Greenwich Mews, Pirandello at the Living Theatre Studio, Goldoni at Brander Matthews, and at the Cherry Lane Congreve has been followed by a piece of ancient Anouhil. Even a theatre with the revival-defiant name of Originals Only has gone to the carbarn to press Tennessee Williams's "A Streetcar Named Desire" back into service.

The preponderance of revivals on the off-Broadway menu is significant, since the present economics of Broadway play-producing make it virtually impossible to see these fine plays there. Yet one wishes that somehow this energy and sacrifice could have resulted in a more exciting approach to plays that have at best been made into only passable evenings of theatre.

The Phoenix Theatre, which held our highest hopes when formed last season, has given us productions with quality, but has yet to find an identity for itself. Its current presentation, "The Master Builder," is a pitifully docile reenactment of a play where retrospective and offstage action already constitute a devitalizing burden. Oscar Homolka as the old architect obsessed with guilt—for having wished or inspired evil things rather than having actually done them himself—acts more confused than tortured as he wanders about unwrapping plans that he does not really look at, or looking for books that he doesn't read. Joan Tetzel as the gadfly spirit of aggressive youth seems more like an innocent Alice-in-Wonderland than a conscienceless young vampire. Perhaps it is these undramatic portrayals —pointing up that man's behavior is little affected by his knowledge of truth—that have caused some of our critics to give highest praise to this production. For who knows himself better and is less able to do anything about it than a critic? But this helplessness could certainly have been made more dramatic and fiery than it has been in this Phoenix production.

Indeed, fiery drama is the startling surprise of a new Phoenix activity entitled "Sideshow." Messrs. Houghton and Hambleton have inaugurated a series of Monday evening presentations with a bloody revenge tragedy by John Webster, "The White Devil." This play, written in 1611 and based on a true story, was performed with improvised scenery, in modern dress, and with only twelve days of rehearsal. While the result was undoubtedly a far cry from the brilliant Robert Helpmann-Michael Benthall production in London eight years ago, nevertheless watching this group of well-trained young performers come to grips with roaring poetry and violent action was a stimulating and invigorating theatre experience. Jacqueline Brookes, as the lusty whore Vitorria, again demonstrated that she is of tragic stature and could with work become a first-rate actress; Michael Higgins, as her lover, the Duke of Brachiano, was convincingly aggressive; and Nancy Wickwire, as the Duke's faithful wife, gave a touching picture of virtue out of place in Machiavellian court society. Fritz Weaver, as the pandering Flamineo, appeared a bit seedy and limpid and tended to become ludicrous in the final blood-bath. Frederic Warriner's mannered and studied performance as the murderer, Lodovico, proved less apt here than it was in previous comic roles. However, Earl Montgomery, Thayer David, and Mitchell Aigruss contributed serviceable portrayals, and Robin Michael's orphaned son who piteously asks "What do the dead do, Uncle?" shone as a remarkably clean and effective piece of work. Jack Landau's staging—with only steps, two half-curtains, and a few spotlights—gave us a taste of what a finished production might be. Let us hope that the Phoenix will be able to bring us more such vital sketches of such rich rare theatre in future "Sideshows."

Elsewhere, David Ross's intimate sandwich-stage production of Stark Young's translation of "The Three Sisters" at the Fourth Street Theatre is lucid and soul-stirring as it captures the life-stillness of Chekhov's drama to a remarkable degree. It does this despite the fact that of the cast only Peggy Maurer's Irina and Leonardo Cimino's Solyony really have the kind of useless thoroughbredism that lies at the root of Chekhov's tragic inertia.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

TIGERS IN THE CLASSROOM

JUVENILE delinquency gets the jagged-edged movie treatment in M-G-M's **"Blackboard Jungle."** The picture is based on Evan Hunter's novel about a classroom full of half-grown tigers in a New York City vocational high school. With Glenn Ford as a stubborn English teacher determined to "get through" to his pupils if it kills him (and it very nearly does), the film deals with the special problem of educating misfits and mental cripples; the kids who are not square enough to fit the ordinary high school and not quite round enough—most of them—for reform school.

As adapted and directed by Richard Brooks, this is a strident story whose very ideals are punched over in anger. It opens on a drab street under an el, to the tune of a raspy jazz piece called "Rock Around the Clock," and it moves through corridors and classrooms ruled by the code of the gang and the authority of the switchblade knife.

This problem of the vocational school has kinks in it as well as knots. "Blackboard Jungle" picks away at them, not with the needle, but with the crowbar. In contrast to the European flair for studying life in intimate, sensitive detail—in searching for victory in the revelations of defeat—our American movies have a habit of "taking it big." We tend to dramatize our difficulties. We seize upon the dramatic example, the sensation, the violent gesture. If we can demonstrate a victory, so much the better, because we believe that the appearance of victory is the first sign of progress.

"Blackboard Jungle" is styled accordingly. It has that composite look, with the coupon of victory duly attached. Its teacher is a shining example and its pupils an object lesson in social error. The goings-on at Manual Trades High School are a selection from statistics combined to drive home a point. It is a dehydrated product—you must add water to it before using.

Its characters, too, are scaled for easy recognition without the use of a magnifying glass. Raising Cain and the teacher's temper in the classroom are a Marlon Brando facsimile (Vic Morrow) with a furtive tendency toward sadism; a jeering Spanish boy (Rafael Campos); a belligerent Italian (Dan Terranova), and an enigmatic Negro boy played skilfully by Sidney Poitier. Their story is a suspense story of the jungle, not a scientific expedition. Which of them will pull the knife? Which of them wrote the filthy anonymous letters? Which of them beat up two of the faculty in a dark alley? Which of them may be won over to decency, to intellectual curiosity by a dogged teacher in a Garrison finish? There is quite a lot of plain melodramatic excitement in the answers to these questions in "Blackboard Jungle," but the answers are not phrased for a close study of backgrounds or motives.

THE adult roles are also played in loud stripes. Ford blurts out his idealism, his disappointment, his devotion to his calling. At night he goes home to Anne Francis—a disturbed and clutching wife; and in the daytime he swaps views with faculty members like the cynical one (Louis Calhern), the dreamer who cannot control his classes (Richard Kiley), the sexy woman teacher (Margaret Hayes), and the iron-willed principal (John Hoyt). The film as a whole pleads with such teachers to keep trying. Success is indicated, too—provided that an instructor, in a crisis, can disarm a husky, hopped-up teenager brandishing a whetted six-inch blade.

Richard Brooks has staged his movie for an atmosphere of worn woodwork and conspiracy, of washroom confidences and classroom revolt. Rowdy jazz and hard, bare silence are his sound effects, while the

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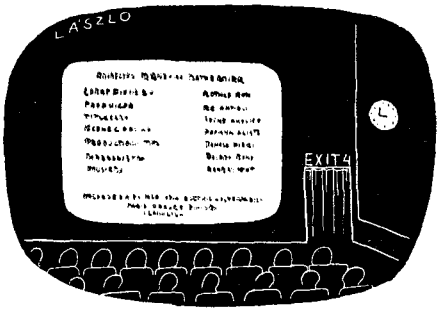
mocking adolescent face is the keynote in his visual scale. With such devices he has managed an earnest and gritty film in "Blackboard Jungle," if not a sensitive one.

* * *

The American screen expresses itself on a much different subject in Twentieth Century-Fox's **"A Man Called Peter,"** but the basic language is the same. In two hours of CinemaScope and Technicolor, this picture describes the career and ideals of the late Peter Marshall, a Scot who emigrated to this country, was ordained here, preached to Presbyterian congregations in the South and in Washington, and became chaplain of the United States Senate before his early death in 1949 at the age of forty-six.

The picture is a biography, but it is not a scrutiny of a man. As "Blackboard Jungle" is a dramatic example of juvenile delinquency, "A Man Called Peter" is a dramatic example of devotion. In the movie's many sermons Peter Marshall gives the gospel the "hard sell," and Henry Koster's direction combined with Eleanore Griffin's script gives the "hard sell" to Peter Marshall. As played by Richard Todd he is a strong-minded preacher with the voice of the Lord



in his ear and the wind of salvation blowing through his words; a clean-shaven prophet with a faith as clear as conscience.

His story is a success story, duly reverent but familiar in outline and effort. He fills churches, he becomes something of a national celebrity, and he is even successful in love with Jean Peters, whom he courts shyly but marries firmly and with lasting effect. The movie aims to make you marvel at his devotion, to admire his ability and to weep at his loss. It is a fine revival hymn, even a stirring one; but it has not so much discovered a way of filming the Protestant message as contrived a way to fit the Protestant message to the standard movie shape. In this particular case the shape is even a bit more elongated—a bit more wordy and hypertrophic—than average. —Otis L. Guernsey, Jr

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Conducted by John T. Winterich

A MESS OF MSS.

Ruth B. Stebbins of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has selected ten references to manuscripts found in as many literary works and asks you to identify the works and the writers who produced them. If, of the twenty scraps of information sought, you capture no more than twelve, worry; from thirteen through sixteen, stop worrying; from seventeen up, rejoice. Answers on page 46.

1. A youthful author pretends that the manuscript of his first important book was left in a hotel room by a mysterious Dutchman.
2. A French archeologist receives a Christmas log containing a precious manuscript for which he had made an unsuccessful trip to Sicily.
3. A poet laments that "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close."
4. A young professor goes in search of a manuscript of Tacitus, but finds instead a beautiful wife.
5. A writer commits suicide in despair, believing that the manuscript of his second book has been lost.
6. A manuscript in a sealed container relates the fantastic and terrible last experiences of a mariner.
7. A "pen pusher" continues work on his manuscript, "Buddha," despite the scorn of his companion, the "extraordinary Sinbad the Sailor."
8. By means of an ancient manuscript, a classical scholar reveals to a Hebrew translator that he is the "reincarnation" of the military governor of Jerusalem under Pontius Pilate.
9. After several months pass without his hearing that his manuscript has been accepted, a young writer departs for Europe to search for the "real meaning of life."
10. A would-be author writes his manuscripts on different-colored papers to express his moods.

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TV AND RADIO

EVER EVER LAND

A FEW weeks ago the National Broadcasting Company loosened its money-belt, which girdles the RCA building, and counted out $250,000, which it paid out for a one-night-stand's production of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan." Pat Weaver and his rich but venturesome associates had pioneered a new era in television.

Without detracting one iota—(an iota is about eighteen cents; three iotas make one dollar)—from the wisdom, courage, and vision which prevail in the television thinking at NBC, one finds himself speculating on what would have happened to "Peter Pan" had it not been a tried-and-true Broadway spectacle complete with Mary Martin, and had it been offered around the advertising agencies as an original, free-lance script.

To get an idea how brave television really is and how far the thinking in the medium has progressed, let us look in on a Madison Avenue conference room replete with producers, directors, executives, copywriters, and plain everyday thinkers.

FIRST PRODUCER: Well, the next thing on the agenda is this "Peter Pan" script. Has anybody read it?

FIRST EXECUTIVE: I read it.

FIRST PRODUCER: How'd it strike you?

FIRST EXECUTIVE: It struck me as long. Get the writer to cut it to about twenty-six minutes and with a three-minute commercial we might be—

FIRST PRODUCER: Oh, I'm afraid that's more easily said than done. Jim won't stand for any cutting.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Jim? Jim who?

FIRST PRODUCER: Jim Barrie—the writer. He's kinda fussy about the script.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Oh, another of those Paddy Chayefskys!

SECOND PRODUCER: How about doing it as a spectacular? I haven't read all of it but if it's long that's what a spectacular has to be. We're halfway home to start with.

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Wait a minute—that rings a bell. Peter Paul Mounds is looking for a big one-shot. And with that title—"Peter Pan," presented by Peter Paul Mounds—or maybe we can change the title of the script to "Peter Paul."

FIRST PRODUCER: Oh no, Jim wouldn't like that. It would be easier to change the name of the candy to Peter Pan Mounds.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: I don't like that title "Peter Pan" anyhow.

SECOND PRODUCER: As I say, I haven't read the whole script—but there's a lot of talk in it about going to Never Never Land. How about changing the title to "Never Never Land?"

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Oh, no, that's negative thinking.

DIRECTOR: Hold everything, men—I've been glancing through this mish-mash and this script's gonna be pretty tough to cast. Who'd you have in mind to play Peter?

FIRST PRODUCER: Well, I see Jackie Cooper in the part.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Again! I've seen him on every show on every channel.

SECOND PRODUCER: Well, when I was reading the thing I got the idea that it's a sort of whimsical fantasy. And I kept seeing Wally Cox as Peter.

FIRST PRODUCER: Well, to tell you the truth, Bill, I saw Wally Cox first off myself. So I phoned him about playing it. But he doesn't fly.

DIRECTOR: Just a minute—how you figuring on working out that flying gimmick?

SECOND PRODUCER: Well, like I said, I haven't read the whole thing, but I thought we could change the flying. Instead of flying away, Peter could skate away. We could build one of those Icecapade Ballets. I saw one on the—

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim's pretty well set on having Peter fly—

FIRST EXECUTIVE: What about the songs? Whoever you get to play the lead has to sing. Anybody object to Robert Merrill as Peter Pan?

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Well, if it's a musical you gotta remember we got Vaughn Monroe—

FIRST PRODUCER: But it's a kind of a light, whimsical part—kinda star-dusty—it's gotta be a guy you can believe in the part. And who can sing.

SECOND EXECUTIVE: How are the songs? Any good?

FIRST PRODUCER: Yes, I think they're pretty good.

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Oh, they're not much. They don't write songs like they used to. Gimme a song like "National Shoes—Ring the bell!"

PLAIN EVERYDAY THINKER: I read this script. And I just got an idea. What about getting a girl to play Peter Pan?

ALL: Hahahahaha!

SECOND PRODUCER: Well, now, wait a minute, fellows. Couldn't the part be changed to a girl?

FIRST PRODUCER: No, I don't think Jim would—

DIRECTOR: Well, if he won't change it to a girl, maybe we could find a girl who could look like a young fellow about Peter Pan's age.

SECOND PRODUCER: I go along with that. You know who would get us a big audience—and she looks good in boy's clothes too? Imogene Coca.

DIRECTOR: Yeh, she might. Or how about Mary Martin?

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Mary Martin? You're out of your mind. Did you ever see her when she sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"? Whose gonna believe a figure like that is a boy's?

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Well, that leaves out who I was gonna suggest. Besides, she's been suspended by Twentieth Century-Fox and she wouldn't be avail—

SECOND PRODUCER: Wait a minute—hold everything.

FIRST EXECUTIVE: What's the matter?

SECOND PRODUCER: Well, I just been reading some more of this script. Did you see this line here where Peter Pan turns to the audience and asks if they believe in fairies?

FIRST PRODUCER: Yes, what about it?

SECOND PRODUCER: Oh come on, Harry—how are you gonna get away with that? You think NBC would let a line like that go through?

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Well, that can always be changed to, "Do you believe in gnomes?"

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim wouldn't—

SECOND EXECUTIVE: Or "Do you believe in sprites?"

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim wouldn't—

DIRECTOR: How about "Do you believe in elves?"

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim wouldn't—

SECOND PRODUCER: O.K., make it "Do you believe in undines?"

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim wouldn't—

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Brownies? Sylphs? Nymphs—

FIRST PRODUCER: No, Jim wouldn't—

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Well, this is gonna be too much for us to handle. Why don't you tell Jim whatever his name is to take it over to NBC? No use asking for trouble. First we got a girl playing a boy's part, and then we come up with this fairy business—you can imagine the letters we'll get. We got kids watching our programs.

FIRST PRODUCER: Well, he sent me another script he wrote. He calls it "Alice Sit by the Fire."

FIRST EXECUTIVE: Of course he does. But who does he have in mind to play Alice—Marlon Brando? Forget this guy . . . Now what's next on the agenda?

—GOODMAN ACE.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

FLAGSTAD'S RETURN, ALSO MALCUZYNSKI'S

TO JUDGE from her latest reappearances with the Symphony of the Air, Kirsten Flagstad can go on retiring and reappearing indefinitely, with no decline in her prowess or her box-office appeal. As well as serving a charitable end in behalf of the struggling orchestra, her singing of Wagner showed a more than casual number of young people in the Carnegie Hall audience what a top vocal standard once was like. The overwhelming applause of the capacity crowd left no doubt that she had also satisfied those who "remembered when."

Indeed, Flagstad went back unflinchingly to our earliest memories of her by beginning with Sieglinde's narrative from the first act of "Walküre," followed by "Du Bist der Lenz." Traditionally a slow starter, particularly in the concert hall, Flagstad had a wonderful solidity of sound and a masterful control almost immediately. As ever, she molded word and tone into an indissoluble unit, and the top A's were given with no more bodily movement than the smile with which she greeted her listeners.

However, the real indication that Flagstad has continued to grow and mature as an artist, even in her retirement, was presented in her singing of the five "Wesendonck" songs which Wagner wrote as sketches for "Tristan." In repose and insight, acute differentiation of moods and warmly formed melodic phraseology, this was emotional expression of a high order. And Edwin McArthur, who is essentially an accompanist, directed these "accompaniments" justly.

So far as memory is accurate, she sounded on the whole more consistently fine than on the "farewell" occasion of 1953. Doubtless she has sung little of late, and the evidence of health was apparent in the full span of sound for the "Liebestod" and "Immolation" which came later. Indeed the only deviation from virtue was an occasional note that slipped down from pitch for want of full support, in piano or pianissimo.

The fine orchestra honored its traditions with sturdy performances of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," as well as the "Tristan" and "Götterdämmerung" excerpts, though it must be said that McArthur was more the beneficiary of their enthusiasm than the cause of it.

Witold Malcuzynski, who made one of his periodic appearances in Carnegie Hall recently, has many of the skills of a first-rank pianist—an encompassing technique, a sizable tone production, an affinity with an aspect of his instrument. As on several former occasions, he favored the music of Chopin, thereby giving rise to the thought that perhaps he is the Brailowsky of tomorrow, if, perchance, Brailowsky is the Malcuzynski of yesterday.

The rapt attention of a good-sized audience suggested further that if Malcuzynski is not exactly a pianist's pianist, he is a pianist for aspiring pianists—one who has, seemingly, found all the answers, solved all the problems, been over the ground often enough to have marked, mentally, all the roadblocks and learned the approved detours. Whether it was the F major Ballade or the B minor sonata, or a handful of Mazurkas, all was done in a tidy professional manner.

The lingering question, however, is whether in addition to playing the piano very well, Malcuzynski achieves the essential purpose involved in any musical performance—to convey an experience of some emotional consequence to the listener. I can, of course, only speak for myself and I would have to answer in the negative. All too often composure may be confused with profundity and reticence with insight.

AMONG the common conceptions (and here the gender would be Miss) governing the activities of opera-singers is the belief that any mezzo worthy of the name must, sooner or later, sing "Carmen" to assert her right to serious consideration among the elite. The fact that she might not have the frame or the physique, the temperament or the disposition is little heeded, though some of the most celebrated Carmens in history—such as Garden, Farrar, Jeritza, and Ponselle—have been sopranos (Calve was a vocal hybrid who also sang Santuzza, Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet," and Marguerite in "Faust"), and many eminent mezzos have wisely refrained.

The latest to venture "Carmen's" pleasures and perils is Blanche Thebom, in the waning weeks of the current Metropolitan season. As might have been expected from a performer of her purposefulness, Miss Thebom had given diligent attention to the vocal problems of the part, she had acquired the necessary command of castenets and dance steps, not to mention the involvements posed by Rolf Gerard's stage setting (conceived for the more mobile Rise Stevens). On a recording, indeed, one might have had the illusion that Miss Thebom was singing quite an acceptable Carmen.

Miss Thebom, however, is much too well bred to convey the promiscuity of Carmen by native disposition, and she dosen't have the command of sufficient acting technique to suggest it by artifice. As between the lady and the tiger—both of which are latent in Carmen—there is little doubt which was dominant in this impersonation. Rather than being steel-springed yet supple, her action was taut and unbending.

However, since Miss Thebom sings the music easily, and may be expected to perform the part repeatedly in the future, she might look to the choice of a better wig than she favored at this first performance in New York. It was jet black, and wavy, which was suitable enough, but it didn't make too flattering a frame for her face, and it jutted out rather brusquely in a profile view. Kurt Baum, as José, was more civilian than Sevillian, and Robert Merrill blew up a considerable vocal storm with his Escamillo. If Max Rudolf is to conduct "Carmen" regularly, he should make a closer study of its color values, its dynamic pattern, and the incisive accents required. This rendering was muddy, mostly too loud, and rather heavy handed.

Between performances of "Tristan" on Tuesday (in Philadelphia) and Saturday (for a nationwide radio audience), Set Svanholm undertook his first Metropolitan Otello (on a Thursday) because the management had none other available when Mario del Monaco reported ill. Inasmuch as Svanholm provided not merely a workmanlike vocalization of the difficult part but also well-tailored costumes and accessories, it may be assumed that he had been on standby status well before the emergency arose.

The oddity is that, purely as a singer, Svanholm showed a more suitable sense of legato and phraseology in this Italian role than he has on most recent occasions in the Wagner parts for which he is celebrated. He doesn't, of course, have the vibrance, or the sensuousness, or the flexibility of tone to give the Verdian line its due, but if he would sing Tristan or Parsifal as "vocally" it would be a small revelation.

A subsidiary though hardly secondary focus of attention was the fledgling Desdemona of Lucine Amara, who justified her increasing prominence with a firmly-centered voice, a sympathetic personality for the Moor's lady, and a suitable sense of the stage.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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U.S.A.

Continued from page 29

contribution in the two sections entitled "There Are Things to Do and Say" and "The Twenty-Five Questions," especially the latter. I have never seen the major challenges to the concept of racial equality or to integration so succinctly brought together. Some of Miss Smith's answers to those questions are not likely to soothe many of her fellow Southerners—but, then, not very many of her fellow Southerners will read what she has to say here. Such books, alas, are *most read* by persons in complete or part-agreement with the writer. No way has been devised to bring the other side's reasoned point of view to the angry dissenter.

Notes

REFUSE TO ANSWER: Repeated use of the Fifth Amendment as a refuge for witnesses before recent Congressional investigations into crime and Communism has raised some doubts about this portion of our Constitution. In **"The Fifth Amendment Today"** (Harvard University Press, $2) Dean Erwin N. Griswold of Harvard Law School staunchly defends the ban against self-incrimination as a vital part of our Anglo-Saxon legal heritage that a man is innocent until the state can prove him guilty, a protection for the individual "against the collective power of the state." Considering the conditions out of which these investigations arose, Dean Griswold's argument suffers from one-sidedness, appearing at times almost to apologize for all who may ever have invoked the amendment. There is, after all, a difference—though these brief lectures seem to ignore it—between guilt in a criminal proceeding, and those reasonable practical judgments which legislators, administrators, and just plain citizens cannot avoid making (and acting on) in the face of silence as an answer to highly pertinent questions.

—SAMUEL S. STRATTON.

GLOOMY STORY: For the late Garet Garrett the "real story of the real America," as the dust jacket bills **"The American Story"** (Henry Regnery, $5), is that the United States, after a promising start, has been on the skids since 1898, with little left to go. The blame for this unhappy prospect is heaped chiefly on the two Roosevelts, with a minor assist from Woodrow Wilson, and for what might be called classical old-guard isolationist reasons. Mr. Garrett presents these views in an impressionistic, pleasant style.

—S.S.S.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

CLEOPATTER

CAIRO.

IT IS difficult to say which has bequeathed more to the tourist abroad in Egypt—3,500 years of pharaohs or sixteen years of Farouk. Certainly the holdings of that eminent sybarite the ex-King are in sum a formidable contribution, for his palaces, his yacht, his wayside rest-houses paved in alabaster are all—one way or another—now in the service of the traveler.

Arriving at the Abdin Palace, the former royal digs, these days, one is welcomed with a glass of sweet, warm cinnamon and milk sprinkled with nuts, a potion said to have been offered to visitors by Farouk. The custom has been retained as an ironic caprice of the curator, who runs Abdin now as a giant museum. The palace was established in 1874 by the Khedive Ismail, Farouk's grandfather, and it comprises some 500 rooms and galleries.

The traveler today who has been able to get past Farouk's towering guards, who are still on duty, and get down Farouk's warm welcome drink can roam into the Salon of the Princesses, where a portrait of Fawzia, sister of the ex-King and ex-wife of the present Shah of Iran, faces a tarbooshe-topped likeness of the Khedive Ismail. A historic nook of the house is the raised balcony decorated with portraits of the Khedive Ibrahim Pasha, son of Mehemet Ali, founder of the dynasty. A pair of lighted globes atop the banister leads the way to a group of Aubusson-covered chairs scattered around a marble table. Here the wedding papers were signed linking Farida to Farouk and Fawzia to the Shah. Since both unions were crowned with divorce the balcony is known as Melancholy Corner.

The valet's quarters are being described now as one of the vital centers of Egypt during the years of the recent monarchy, for the valet himself, one Mohammed Hassan, is said to have wielded a great influence on Farouk and to have been himself one of the real rulers of Egypt. Sentenced to twenty-five years by the revolutionary junta, Brother Hassan managed to flee to the Sudan where, I was assured by the brewer of warm milk and ironic caprices, he is now living like a millionaire. At any rate, pictures of Farouk still adorn Hassan's walls, one a portrait, the other on a calendar advertising Nabolsky Farouk, a soap to which Farouk gave his name. (He is also said to have been financially interested in Pepsi-Cola's Egyptian operations.) Another calendar on the hall outside is opened to July 26, 1952, the date the throne was vacated, and hangs above a battery of nine wall telephones which were monitored by Hassan of the Sudan.

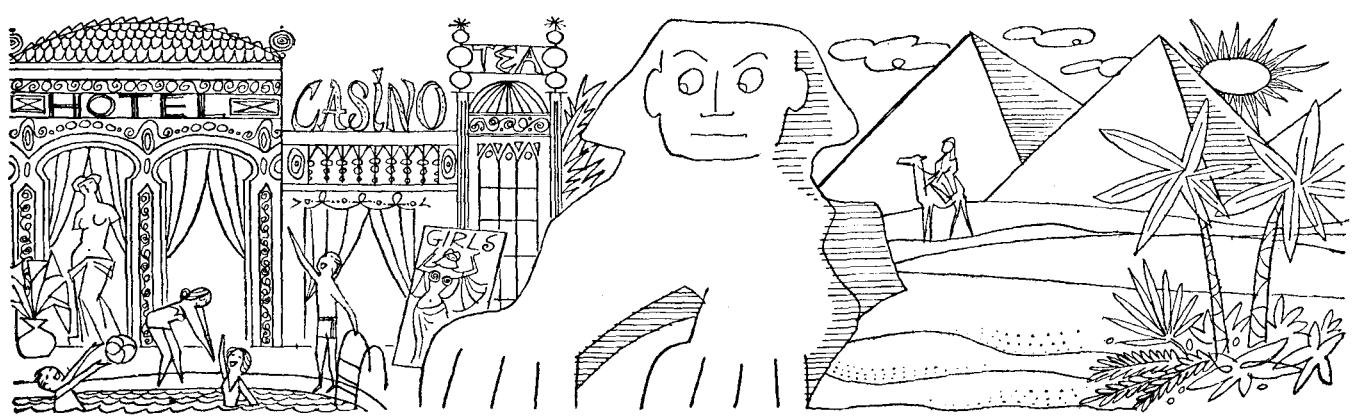
Since Farouk was a monarch who came in the large, economy-sized package the chair at his desk had to be built with five legs to support the weight. His bedroom is fitted out with a broad Hollywood bed, and a bright green telephone on the night table was a direct line to the queen's apartments. All doors in the palace, except his own, were by the King's direction kept unlocked, so that he could roam at will. The Queen, however, could enter the King's quarters only by invitation. Still left by the royal bedside is a Koran hanging in a green sac, and a plaque in Arabic which says "Praise Allah."

A radio manufactured in Europe pulled in stations the world over, indicating their origin by flashing a light on a glass map. The master bathroom is lined with Egyptian alabaster and has a Carrara marble floor fitted with hot-water pipes underneath to avoid chilling the sole of the regal foot. Towels and underwear were heated in a pair of cabinets fitted with tooled silver doors. A couch for massages, a stove, and an icebox are all part of the bathroom equipment. The medicine chest, untouched since May of 1952, contains an assortment of such mundane remedies as Anahist for colds, Kodeno for headaches, a tube of Palmolive shaving cream, some benzedrine tablets, and a bottle of 4711 cologne with which the guides favor special guests nowadays by spraying some of the King's perfume on the sightseers' handkerchiefs.

THE King's gardens have become a public park, and colored lights twinkle in the banyan trees. Tall date palms look down on the swimming pool and the pergola installed by the Khedive Ismail, complete with a copy of Venus de Milo standing within the curve of the colonnades. A recent addition is the Abdin Casino, a night-club and restaurant on the King's own acres. Half of the casino is fashioned in familiar European style, the other half in Oriental. If you choose the sultry Eastern atmosphere you can sit on a poof, puff on a *shisha*, and call for the dancing girls. A poof is a big hassock that goes *poof!* when you sit on it. A *shisha* is a hubbly-bubbly hookah pipe. I'll get to the dancing girls in just a minute. Steady, now.

Dinner, served on an immense brass tray placed over a set of table legs, may include both grape-leaves and vegetable marrow stuffed with a mix of rice, meat, mint-leaves and spices, lamb, or mutton, and such goodies for dessert as *kounafa,* which is candied Shredded Wheat stuffed with pistachio nuts, and *baklava,* which for my money is made of equal parts of molasses and LePage's. The Near East ain't no fit place for a diabetic.

Tarbooshe-topped waiters up from the Sudan swish around in *koftans*—



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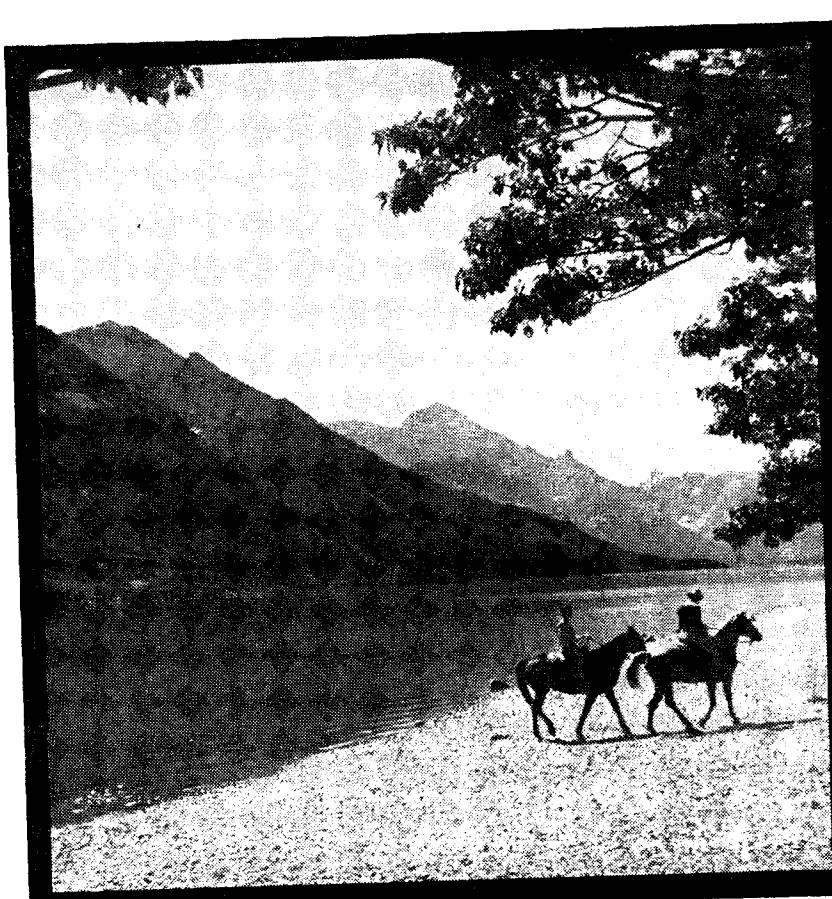

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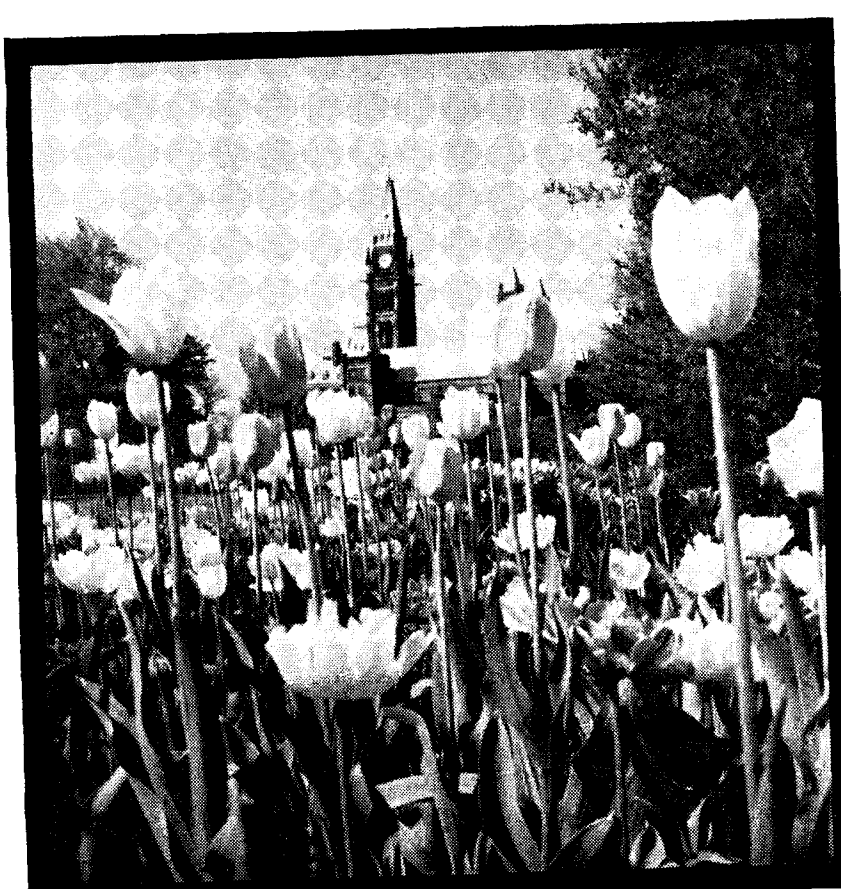

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long white robes tied with a colorful sash. Oil lamps hang from the iron-work decor and you sip a thimble of coffee served three ways: *mazboot*, "just right," or with a sensible amount of sugar; *sada*, without sugar; or *ziyada*, too much sugar.

There is dancing every night right there in the royal gardens by Miss Soraya Salem, a lady of many veils and undulations who must certainly be suffering from palsy of the hip. At any rate, she shimmers and shakes and exudes a sultry perfume while the flutes keep up an eerie wail and an attendant maintains a dirty beat on an Arab drum. Miss Salem's craft is known as the Oriental dance, or in some circles as the belly dance, and it provides a delightful medium for studying Arabic figures. As a young product of London shipped to the Middle East during the war was heard to say to his superior officer after witnessing such an exhibition, "I'm not sure it's art, sir, but it's very convincing."

Not all the best examples of Egyptian culture are confined to the grounds of the Abdin, and there is, indeed, much to be seen in the famous Egyptian Museum. The ancients were, as you must know, great believers in resurrection, and they held that the soul rotates around the sun, visiting the body from time to time. Statues now in the museum, dating from days 3,400 years before Christ, were provided as a resting place for the soul in case the body would be disturbed just when the soul came to visit. Food was provided for post-resurrection days, and the walls of tombs were lined with symbols of food and drink, all of which could be transformed into actual groceries by secret hieroglyphics, also provided.

THE wonders of this civilization, now roughly 6,500 years old, draw gasps alike from veiled black women up from the Sudan on a camel and matrons from Dallas down from Rome in five hours on a Trans World Constellation. A day out of New York or a week out of Khartoum, they stand together before the cases of treasure extracted from the tomb of Tutankhamen in 1926—his baby chair, a corset of gold faience and semi-precious stones, longbows, a basket of dried grapes mixed with juniper berries, a gold sarcophagus, stunning necklaces, and memorial wreaths from the bersa tree, which blooms in May, fixing the month of his death.

Other treasures wait outside. Riding down the luxuriant Nile Valley to Sakarra is riding back into the days of the Bible, for the costumes, the asses, the camel caravans, the ploughs haven't changed a whit. Tak-

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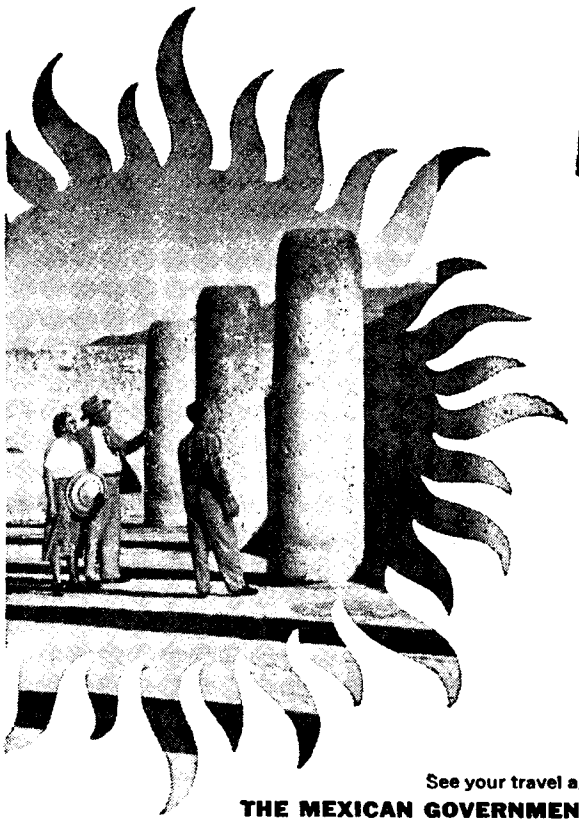
ing a donkey at Sakarra we rode out into the desert to the Serapeum of Marquette and went underground to visit the relics of the days beginning about 1600 B.C., when the Egyptians worshiped bulls as symbols of fertility. In a tunnel 400 yards long, hewn out of solid rock, these pious citizens solemnly buried their sacred bulls, one every twenty-five years, the funeral proceeding from nearby Memphis. The massive granite coffins are still there, weighing sixty-five tons each and brought all the way from Aswan, 847 miles to the south. Even now the Egyptian authorities have had a devilish time moving the statue of Rameses from Memphis to Cairo, only an hour away, and have had to settle on the smaller of two figures. The early Egyptians were able to sink the bull coffins by placing them on a hole that had been filled with sand, then removing the sand a bit at a time. Auguste Mariette, the French archeologist who worked here in the nineteenth century, couldn't bring a bull coffin up to ground level and he finally blew a hole in one and extracted bull bones and ceremonial objects all since removed to the Louvre, much to the vexation of present-day Egyptians.

The day I went to the Pyramids the late winter sun burned hot and bright and a young Egyptian family picnicked in a niche a few meters up along the slopes of Cheops's great works. The young father ate a banana, the infant suckled, a goat nearby nibbled the weeds, pigeons pecked in the sand, an Arab strained under a yoke that supported two water cans. Far out in the desert a lone soldier in tarbooshe and puttees trudged towards the waning sun carrying a sleeping bag and rifle.

Lately these ancient acres have been discovered by Hollywood, that celluloid Magellan, and my dragoman the other day wasn't nearly as interested in indicating the Sphinx, or the Giza pyramids, as he was in commemorating the location used by one "Scissors B. deMille."

ANOTHER recent landmark is Farouk's former rest house, built alongside the Pyramids, where presumably he could pause and reflect amid the aura of the pharaohs. The grounds have been turned over to a teahouse known as the Chalet des Pyramides, where visitors can lunch on the lawn looking down to the valley of the Nile below. As for the house itself, it is, like the palace, a public museum, and anyone can stroll over the marble floors, the marble baths, and the hollow, translucent alabaster columns fitted with lights inside. One chamber is decorated with a



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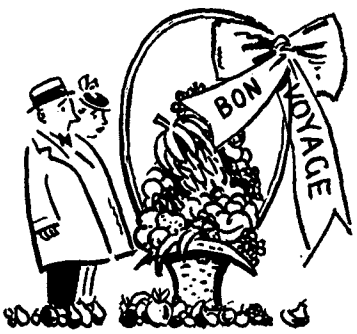

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wall pattern spelling out Farouk's name in hieroglyphic characters, running vertically from ceiling to floor and repeated every yard and a half. A stained-glass window on the stairwell depicts the ancient custom of offering the most beautiful girl of the year to the Nile, bound in chains. This wasteful process has long since been abolished and the most beautiful girl of the year is now offered to the Miss Universe contest, bound in movie contracts.

Hard by the Pyramids the Victorian Mena House remains a happy bustle of tourists, tour leaders, and winter visitors. Colorful Sudanese waiters parade through the dining salons, serve drinks on the open terrace, while long lines of dragomen and their camels, their donkeys, their horses, and their donkey carts wait in the street outside to take sightseers, by the locomotion of their preference, up the sandhill to the ancient marvels. Built as the residence of a Turkish prince in 1882, Mena House became a hotel just after the turn of the century, was enlarged twice during the salad days of Egyptian tourism back in the mid-Twenties. It is open all year round, but its high season extends from December to March, when vacationers come to swim in the pool, play tennis and golf, and rock the evenings away on the broad porch while the moon coats the Pyramids with silver.

For anyone who likes to live like a Riff, or reasonable facsimile thereof, dragomen organize overnight caravans a few miles south of the Pyramids to Tent City. Here in mid-desert they will tether the camels, rassle Middle East hash by an open fire, arrange for music and Oriental dancers, and bring you back the next morning a confirmed Arab.

More formal quarters are available in Cairo, and within a year-and-a-half there will be a formidable array of three fine hotels running sheik-by-jowl along the Nile riverfront. The new Shepheard's is already well out of the ground. Next door the Semiramis continues to bear the brunt of the trade, while down the block work has begun to prepare the ground for a Nile Hilton. All three front along the Corniche, a new river-side road, and those with front rooms will be able to watch the traffic roll on through Cairo, and the feluccas with their queer sails slip along the river past the fat yacht of Farouk moored in front of the Semiramis, where it functions as an annex of that hotel.

From the air-conditioned, glass-and-chrome civilization rising now along the Nile, it will be mere minutes to the frantic quarter called El Azhar, where citizens stroll on the streets in loose sacks called *galabias* or simply in striped Sears Roebuck bedroom pajamas. The veiled women wear black, and the veil in these brash days has become a loose net which hangs from a black band running from ear to ear with a gold bridge crossing the nose. The booths in the bazaars sell sugar-cane juice, or for the equivalent of three cents U.S. a bowl of rice and *ades* sprinkled with burnt onions. A peddler hawks *sabbar*, a decorative green that looks like pineapple husks. Another has red carrots used for making a sweet jam. Minted tea is dispensed from a magnificent urn of glass and silver carried on the head. And through the bedlam of the policemen with rifles, the donkey carts, the veiled and pajama-clad figures, the old barefoot derelict watering the dust of the alley from a skin bag, comes the date man resplendent in white gown and turban, like a Messiah of the market with his donkey cart following behind: "Hey!" he shouts, "my dates are as soft as butter." And behind the cart skips his apprentice in green-striped pajamas whisking the flies that zoom in echelon over the date mountain like ducks in autumn along the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Artisans batter huge brass trays in the street, inlaid boxes are a specialty, not to mention scarab rings. The seductive perfume shop of Ahmen Soliman fills its halls with incense and its walls with poetry.

> Lilac and jasmine and sandalwood,
> Amber and rose and musk,
> Perfume the longest weary day
> Perfume the sad, sad dusk.

So wrote Ahmen, and back in the Thirties the *Detroit News* was writing about *him*, perfumer to Alfonso of Spain and the Prince of Wales. The article, still framed on the Soliman wall, carried a reproduction of Cabanel's painting of Cleopatra, who scented her barge "so that even the winds were lovesick." There are so few people scenting barges today that Soliman's shop has turned to other things, pushing particularly its Ambar cigarettes, which sell at $6 the hundred. The reason they're so expensive is that the tobacco is mixed with ambergris. They're not only healthy, the perfumers assured me, but they exude an exciting aroma. With a box stowed in your baggage you can go back to Muncie and blow aphrodisiac smoke-rings all over the place. —Horace Sutton.

Editor's Note: *This is the first in a series of articles by Horace Sutton on the Near East.*

Fiction

Continued from page 17

dairy store in the Rue Pandolphe (17th *arrondissement*) rather than to "Alice in Wonderland," though the land it describes appears just as topsy-turvy as the one in which the March Hare and his friends took tea. The king and queen of this made land of Pandolphia are the Poissonards, the proprietors of the dairy store. To the Poissonards the war has been a blessing instead of a misery. By hoarding and illegal foraging they have stocked their warehouse to the ceiling and, while others starve, they stuff themselves and their children, send anonymous letters to the police, water the milk, and travel to Vichy to present the Marshal with a basket of duck eggs. Always on the winning side, they find the Germans "correct" in 1940 and are the first out with the tricolor in 1944. With a talent for realistic detail and caricature, M. Dutourd has set before us a vast tableau of the ignominy of the Occupation. But it is not a funny book at all: it rings so true that it is painful. Instead of the whimsical humor of "A Dog's Head," the satire of "The Best Butter" is bitter strong stuff and, in spite of M. Dutourd's attempts at gaiety and his professed indulgence toward his characters, the smiles which readers prepare for his latest effort may freeze on their faces.

—Laurent LeSage.

MYSTERY IN THE RUINS: The reader of Elizabeth Cadell's pleasant new novel, **"Money to Burn"** (Morrow, $3), need not be distressed by the mystery of the charred ruin of Trysting Manor, the scandal about its insurance money, or even the disappearance of the famous collection of silver. He may be sure the sadness they cast over Raymond Trysting and his sister, Auriol, will vanish at the happy end.

Auriol is dreamy and astonishingly beautiful. Raymond, as heir to Trysting, carries the blot on his family name with well-bred English unhappiness. A "cousin," Leigh Anderson, visits this pair and their three eccentric elderly aunts at a river cottage on their moldering estate. Leigh is entranced by Auriol's technique of soothing bad tempers by flinging aside her customary somnambulism, drawing ruffled heads to her bosom and murmuring softly. He is unhappy about the Trystings' holiday habit of dining on eggs, bread, honey, tea, and eggs. He is especially intrigued by the incendiary secrets of the past and the dark shadows of the present.

Elizabeth Cadell has managed to

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spin out this feather-light story for 222 delightful pages. She pats events along with a hand so deft and sure that some of the book is wise, some of it moving, and all of it refreshing fun. —LUCILLE SCHULBERG.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE: Our energetic historical novelists continue to find sin an inspiring theme. And, like the clergyman in the Coolidge anecdote, they are against it. Pastor Samuel Osborn, the leading spirit of Shirley Barker's **"Tomorrow the New Moon"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75) comes to grips with evil in eighteenth-century Martha's Vineyard. Osborn is his own worst enemy and, though he is able to conquer the temptations of the flesh, he is less successful in allaying the doubts that assail the spirit. For, doubting the tenets of his nonconformist faith to the extent that he believes in the possibility of "earthly happiness," the pastor is finally separated from his flock. Samuel's road is tedious, and so is much of Miss Barker's rambling chronicle.

Another sinner is Yvonne Delisle, the ingenue of Edward F. Murphy's **"Bride for New Orleans"** (Hanover House, $3.75). One of a boatload of maidens shipped to the New World under the creeping paternalism of Louis XV, Yvonne is regarded by her shepherds as "a good skein of yarn badly snarled."

In **"The Freedom Song"** (Holt, $3.50) Neill C. Wilson plays by ear a colorful account of the genesis of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The melody, he conjectures, was a bit of folk music composed by a guitar-playing runaway named Prometheus Oldrag, who first strummed the theme on a Virginia plantation. Mr. Wilson makes a good story out of Prometheus's flight to freedom and back, mingling strains of "Hearts and Flowers" with "The Battle Hymn."

"Oklahoma Run," by Alberta Wilson Constant (Crowell, $3.95), gives a folksy aspect to some usually wild and wooly territory. In spite of cyclones, droughts, and assorted disasters young Elaine Sheridan finds happiness in the wide open spaces of Oklahoma, *circa* 1891. Dalliance, in the form of a gambling cowhand, beckons momentarily—but Elaine's destiny is that of a homesteader's hausfrau.

Around 1837 in old New Mexico Mexicans and Apaches exchanged massacres of considerable artistry. John Jennings's latest adventure novel, **"Shadows in the Dusk"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), covers the homicidal details with unseemly relish, and in the kind of pidgin lingo made popular by the Cisco Kid. *Caramba,* Senor Jennings! *Un poquito,* how you say—restraint? —MARTIN LEVIN.

Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb

Continued from page 12

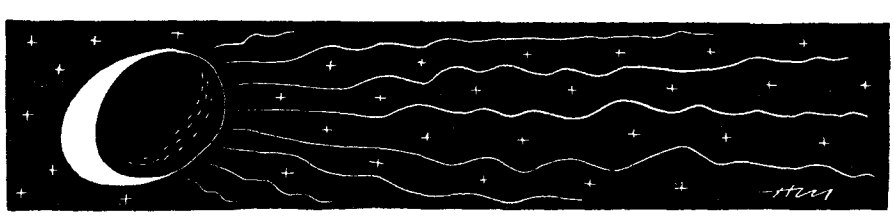
protagonists on either side of the Iron Curtain. If an agreement making war improbable is to be reached, it will have to be by the friendly offices of neutrals, who can speak of the disastrousness of war without being accused of advocating a policy of "appeasement." The neutrals have every right, even from the narrowest consideration of self-interest, to do whatever lies in their power to prevent the outbreak of a world war, for, if such a war does break out, it is highly probable that all the inhabitants of neutral countries, along with the rest of mankind, will perish. If I were in control of a neutral government, I should certainly consider it my paramount duty to see to it that my country would continue to have inhabitants, and the only way by which I could make this probable would be to promote some kind of accommodation between the powers on opposite sides of the Iron Curtain.

I, PERSONALLY, am of course not neutral in my feeling and I should not wish to see the danger of war averted by an abject submission of the West. But, as a human being, I have to remember that, if the issues between East and West are to be decided in any manner that can give any possible satisfaction to anybody, whether Communist or anti-Communist, whether Asian or European or American, whether white or black, then these issues must not be decided by war. I should wish this to be understood on both sides of the Iron Curtain. It is emphatically not enough to have it understood on one side only. I think the neutrals, since they are not caught in our tragic dilemma, can, if they will, bring about this realization on both sides. I should like to see one or more neutral powers appoint a commission of experts, who should all be neutrals, to draw up a report on the destructive effects to be expected in a war with hydrogen bombs, not only among the belligerents but also among neutrals. I should wish this report presented to the governments of all the Great Powers with an invitation to express their agreement or disagreement with its findings. I think it possible that in this way all the Great Powers could be led to agree that a world war can no longer serve the purposes of any of them since it is likely to exterminate friend and foe equally and neutrals likewise.

As geological time is reckoned, Man has so far existed only for a very short period—1,000,000 years at the most. What he has achieved, especially during the last 6,000 years, is something utterly new in the history of the Cosmos, so far at least as we are acquainted with it. For countless ages the sun rose and set, the moon waxed and waned, the stars shone in the night, but it was only with the coming of Man that these things were understood. In the great world of astronomy and in the little world of the atom, Man has unveiled secrets which might have been thought undiscoverable. In art and literature and religion some men have shown a sublimity of feeling which makes the species worth preserving.

Is all this to end in trivial horror because so few are able to think of Man rather than of this or that group of men? Is our race so destitute of wisdom, so incapable of impartial love, so blind even to the simplest dictates of self-preservation that the last proof of its silly cleverness is to be the extermination of all life on our planet? For it will be not only men who will perish, but also the animals and plants, whom no one can accuse of Communism or anti-Communism.

I cannot believe that this is to be the end. I would have men forget their quarrels for a moment and reflect that, if they will allow themselves to survive, there is every reason to expect the triumphs of the future to exceed immeasurably the triumphs of the past. There lies before us, if we choose, continual progress in happiness, knowledge, and wisdom. Shall we, instead, choose death, because we cannot forget our quarrels? I appeal as a human being to human beings: remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new Paradise; if you cannot, nothing lies before you but universal death.



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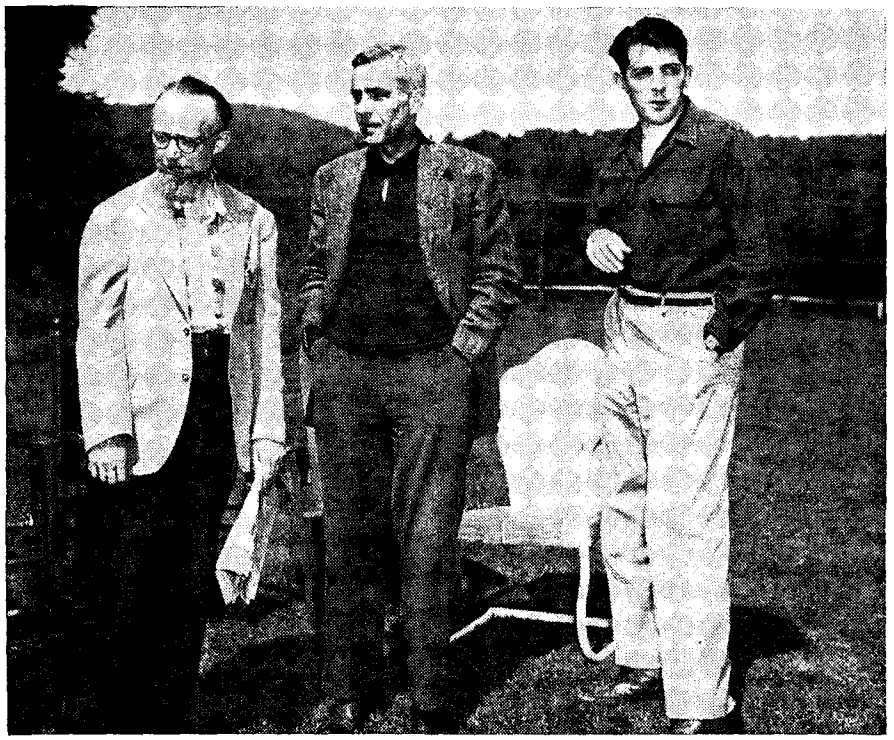

Bread Loaf's Fletcher Pratt, Theodore Morrison, John Ciardi—"the thing is the staff."

Workouts for Writers

SR's ANNUAL PREVIEW OF SUMMER CONFERENCES

By GORHAM MUNSON, *author of "The Writer's Workshop Companion" and other texts on the craft of writing, editor of Hermitage House, and lecturer at the New School for Social Research, N. Y., and other institutions.*

BREAD Loaf Writers' Conference will celebrate its thirtieth birthday this summer—which is to say that the writers' conference as an institution will enter upon its thirtieth year, for Bread Loaf in 1926 was an original from which many facsimiles and variations have been struck.

What was it that came into being when John Farrar opened the first Bread Loaf conference? Theodore Morrison, Bread Loaf director since 1932 and dean of all writers' conference directors, summed it up perfectly when he wrote me that "a writer's conference, I should suppose, ought to be a gathering of men and women who have in common the desire to produce good enough work so that it will be published and bring a reward in readership and payment. They should be people who are willing to work and learn toward this end."

Mr. Morrison then named four functions of the writers' conference. "The functions of a conference . . . should be to recognize talent when it appears and facilitate its advance through publication; to teach people, through experienced discussion of craft lore and careful criticism of the work they submit, how to write better in their chosen forms; to give them a sense of the professional milieu in which writing takes place; and to offer whatever spiritual and mental nutriment is possible by which the sources of writing may be fed and enriched."

Mr. Morrison considers the first of these functions the easiest. "To recognize unusual talent and help it toward publication is no difficult problem, or shouldn't be. The difficult task is the educational one, how and by what means to help people increase their understanding and mastery of the professional forms in which they want to write. It is this task that Bread Loaf has concentrated on by labor, experiment, and experience over the years. The careers of such Bread Loaf graduates as Catherine Drinker Bowen and A. B. Guthrie, Jr., show that very distinguished writers have found some sort of reward in our programs. We believe that we have helped many others toward more modest achievements which have brought them well-earned personal satisfaction. And I hope that even to those who may never have published professional work we have communicated a livelier sense of the profession of letters and a deeper respect for it, and have helped them to become better readers of their contemporaries and of the literary heritage."

This is the dignified, literary conception of the writers' conference that obtains at Bread Loaf, which I am tempted to call "the Harvard of writers' conferences," and I believe that it obtains also at the University of Colorado and University of New Hampshire Writers' Conferences, which may be said, a little fancifully, to be respectively the "Yale and Princeton of writers' conferences" and to join Broad Loaf in forming the "Big Three." (New Hampshire this year will find it most difficult to fill the vacancy on its staff made by the death of Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Something of what Robert Frost has been to Bread Loaf Coffin was to New Hampshire. He came to the Durham campus in 1938 and never missed a New Hampshire conference from then on. Coffin did not teach so much as read from his works, talk like a poet, and communicate the zestfulness of a writer's life.)

In time the "Bread Loaf idea" has been considerably modified outside the "Big Three." It has been diluted in some places, commercialized in others. At several places it has been successfully accelerated into the three- to five-day conference. But the thing that makes the "Bread Loaf idea" work is the staff—the men and women who can both write *and* teach. Looking back at his 1954 conference at Indiana University, director Philip B. Daghlian writes that "once again we were fortunate in having an unusually able and conscientious staff, all of whom did infinitely more than we had any right to expect them to. People often talk about writers going on the conference circuit, and a good many of them obviously do, but in my experience the writers who join conference staffs do so not because of the money, but because of a real interest in what the conference is trying to do."

The non-writing teacher is usually a failure on a writers' conference staff, and there have been a few examples of celebrated writers with no gift for teaching who have appalled conference members by their inability to "give out." What makes a successful conference is well stated by Henry V. Larom, director of the Montana

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State University Writers' Conference. "Maybe," he wrote me, "we are still influenced by Western pioneers out here, but I think the secret of a good short conference is informality. If I can get a group of conferees and a couple of staff members like Jessamyn West and Walter Van Tilburg Clark talking about writing the way two ranchers with their legs hooked in a corral fence will talk about horses—then I think we are getting somewhere. Then the conferee is relaxed and opens up about his manuscript; then the staff member who is, after all, a writer rather than a speaker, will limber up and answer questions and maybe even start an argument. Then the talks, discussions, panels, and private manuscript readings lose their stiffness and become as simple and natural as an evening around a campfire. We don't always achieve this completely, of course, but the nearer we get to it the better the conference is."

The writers' conference is here to stay, a permanent addition to American education, but many writers' conferences are born to live but a few years. The casualty that surprised me this year when I came to compile the directory that follows this article was the University of Connecticut Writers' Conference, which had held five annual sessions.

After six tries, Notre Dame is also abandoning its writers' conferences. Instead the University of Notre Dame is offering seven workshops in writing at its summer session.

Newcomers this year are the Chicago Writers' Conference, an April affair run by the director who also leads the Northeast Writers' Conference in Cleveland later in the year; the Clark University Summer Writers' Conference, a two-day affair at Worcester, Mass.; and the McKendree College Writers' Conference in Illinois, also an April affair.

In Canada a new variant of the writers' conference will be tried again. This is "the houseparty writers' conference." It seems that it became apparent last July that the plans Miss Cushing had made for the second session of the Laurentian Writers' Conference were much too ambitious. She thereupon canceled the large reservations made at a summer hotel, reduced her staff, and revamped her scheme. She wrote those who were to attend and offered them a houseparty at her own country estate at Lake Manitou South sixty-five miles north of Montreal where she had two houses and "a lot of lake." The houseparty was a great success and, as you will see in the notice in the directory, Miss Cushing is looking for nine paying and talented guests for this summer.

As you look through the directory of conferences, you will observe that the conference idea has caught on in every section of the country except the South. There are plans afoot now for organizing a 1956 conference at the University of Mississippi and the organizers are hoping to sail over the budget hurdle. The Midwest leads with eleven conferences; the East has ten. In the Southwest there are four, including the Southwest Writers' Conference at Corpus Christi, which may attract the largest attendance of all conferences and which was addressed last year by *SR*'s Harrison Smith. Likewise, in the West there are four, with the Pacific Coast Writers' Conference at Los Angeles in a well-favored spot for recruiting both staff members and students. Besides the major movie studios, there are in Los Angeles, the promoters of this conference say, 217 weeklies, twenty-one radio and eight TV stations, forty-four daily papers, eighty-four magazines, 285 house organs, and 350 trade journals. Finally, in the South there is but one writers' conference, that at Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, and it perhaps has more resemblance to courses at a summer school than to the Bread Loaf model.

What I have been expecting to happen for a number of years has still not come to pass, and that is the organization by one of the big colleges in New York City of a very large writers' conference somewhere in the suburbs of the city. I think we shall see a big conference near the city within the next three years.

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet at Bread Loaf, Vt., August 17-31. The oldest writers' conference, it was founded in 1926 with John Farrar as director. He was succeeded by Robert M. Gay. Since 1932 Theodore Morrison has been director. Staff: in fiction—A. B. Guthrie, Jr., May Sarton, William Sloane, Rachel Mackenzie; in nonfiction—Richard H. Rovere, Fletcher Pratt; in poetry—John Ciardi, Adrienne Rich. Evening events will include a reading by Robert Frost, music by Rowland Sturges, pianist, talks by staff members and visiting speakers. Single inclusive fee covers board, room, and program costs for entire session. A limited number of fellowships paying all regular charges are available, but fellowship candidates must be nominated by a magazine editor, publisher, literary agent, well-known writer, or other sponsor. Personal applications for fellowships are not accepted. Address inquiries to Secretary of the Summer Schools, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Centro Mexicano de Escritores, founded 1951, will hold a summer conference, June 10-July 18, in conjunction with Mexican North American Cultural Institute's Workshops in Mexican Life and Culture. There will be courses on Direct Observation and Fiction Writing, Theme and Form, Field Study in Mexican Theatre, Mexican Television, and Mexican Movies, Direct Study of Writing and Publishing in Mexico, Manuscript Analysis in both English and Spanish. Margaret Shedd, Director. Staff: Ramon Xirau, Donald Demarest, Luisa Josefina Hernandez, Warren Eyster, Juan Jose Arreola, George Price, Alberto Monterde. Fee: $12 per course. For information, address Margaret Shedd, Sadi Carnot 18, Mexico City, D. F.

Chautauqua Writers' Workshop, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N. Y., founded 1947, will hold its ninth annual session July 11-29 inclusive. Syracuse University through its Chautauqua Center will grant graduate and undergraduate credit to Workshop students who qualify. Director: Diggory Venn, who will also conduct the Nonfiction Prose Section. Co-director: Margaret Widdemer, who will instruct in Fiction and give three special lectures on Roots and Backgrounds of Poetry Making. Staff: Robert Francis in charge of Poetry Workshop and lecturer on Poetry Today, Marjorie B. Paradis, instructor in juvenile writing (third week). Rebecca Richmond, secretary. Registration in

"Arthur finally found himself!"

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1954 exceeded fifty. Symphony concerts under the direction of Walter Hendl and a series of operas and plays are available to workshop students in the evenings and there are lakeside recreations for such leisure as students have during the day. Tuition fees for participating non-credit students: $25 for each full-length course, manuscript conference included; $60 for all three courses combined; $15 for juvenile course (seven and a half hours). Lower fees for auditors. Fees for credit students in line with those of other credit courses of Syracuse University. For additional information, write Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y.

CHICAGO WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet April 28-30 at the Shoreland Hotel, Chicago, Ill. Director: Irving Leiberman. Speakers will include editors of *Today's Health, Kiwanis, Family Weekly, Christian Life, The Lion, Playboy,* and a number of writers. Manuscript contests for cash prizes. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Road, Cleveland 18, Ohio.

CLARK UNIVERSITY SUMMER WRITERS' CONFERENCE will hold its first session July 15-16 at the Clark University Campus, 950 Main St., Worcester, Mass. Chairman: William E. Harris, publisher of *Rewrite Magazine*. Staff: David O. Woodbury, Eleanore M. Jewett, Elva Ray Harris, Marion Saunders (literary agent). Other speakers who are expected to come are Mabel Brown Farwell, Alton Hall Blackington, Ivan Sandrof. Workshops in short story, poetry, juvenile writing, feature writing, television, fundamentals of writing and selling, markets, and manuscript analysis. Evening lectures. For fees and other information, write William E. Harris, 50 West St., Lunenburg, Mass.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, founded in 1930, meets at Boulder, Colo., July 25-August 12. Director: Don Saunders. Staff: Edwin Balmer, novel; May Sarton, short story; Hal Borland, nonfiction; Lawrence Richard Holmes, poetry; Ward Morehouse, drama; Nora Kramer, juvenile writing; William E. Barrett, magazine fiction; C. E. Scoggins, serial consultant. Tuition, $48-$98. Room and board charges from $28 weekly. Attendance limited to 110. Students from twenty-eight states enrolled last year. For bulletin, address Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE AT THE SUMMER SESSION OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, a special service to students registered in creative-writing courses in the summer session, runs from July 18 through August 4. Established 1951. Director: Vernon Loggins, associate professor of English. Guest speakers: Pauline Bloom, Evelyn Eaton, William C. Lengel, Floyd D. Rodgers, Jr., Margaret Widdemer, and other writers, editors, publishers, and radio and TV experts. General assemblies, 5 to 6 p.m., Mondays through Thursdays, in Harkness Theatre; conferences in various offices and classrooms. Last year's enrolment about 150. All conference meetings open without fee to all students registered in the summer session but not open to unregistered persons. For further information, write Director of the Summer Session, Columbia University, New York 27, N. Y.

DRURY COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by Drury College Adult Education Program with the cooperation of the Department of English, held its sixth annual session April 1 and 2 at Drury College, Springfield, Mo. General Chairman: Adelaide H. Jones. Staff: William Earl Porter, writer and educator, Mrs. Maude Longwell, associate editor of *The Farmer's Wife*, and others. Attendance from off the campus in 1954 was over 100. For information, write Adelaide H. Jones, General Chairman, Writers' Conference, Drury College, Springfield 2, Mo.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP CAMP, INC., Hendersonville, N. C., a non-profit educational institution for the arts, will run its writers' conference in three two-week terms, starting July 2, ending August 13. Director: Evelyn G. Haynes. Staff: Vivian Laramore Rader, poetry, Helen Diehl Olds, juvenile fiction, Ruth McCloy Harris, creative writing, Chester Smith, news-story photography, Manley Wade Wellman, creative writing, Edwin Osgood Grover, writing consultant. Other staff members to be announced. For brochure and rates for 1955 tuition, board, and room, write Huckleberry Mountain Workshop Camp, Inc., Hendersonville, N. C.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Bloomington, Ind., will be held July 10-16. Founded 1940. Director: Philip B. Daghlian. Staff: Caroline Gordon, fiction; Louise Bogan, poetry; Bruce Bliven, Jr., nonfiction; Beatrice Creighton, children's literature; William Hodapp, television. Admission to the workshops contingent on submission of a manuscript in advance. Workshops meet one hour a day for six days. Each regular student has a private conference with the workshop leader. Fees: $15 for first workshop, $12.50 for second. No student may take more than two workshops. Auditors admitted at half-fees. Rooms available in university dormitories at $2.50 per person per night double and $3 single. Meals at reasonable prices in the cafeteria at the Union or in restaurants near campus. Program of free public lectures in the evening. For brochure, write Philip B. Daghlian, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Ind.

KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University Extension and the William Allen White School of Journalism and Public Information, University of Kansas, will meet five days, June 27-July 1, at Lawrence, Kan. Founded 1948 under leadership of Ray B. West. Suspended 1950-1952. Resumed 1953 under direction of Frances Grinstead, novelist and teacher of magazine writing, feature writing, and critical writing. Director: Frances Grinstead. Staff: Dorothy Brown Thompson, poetry, Edward B. Hungerford, juvenile writing. The principal speaker will be Morris Bishop, humorist and light-verse writer, who will address the all-university Convocation as well as conduct a workshop group. Other speakers to be announced. Fee covering tuition and some manuscript criticism, $25. Additional criticism at fees stated in brochure. University Extension will arrange for rooms at $2.50 a day, and inexpensive meals may be had in cafeteria of air-conditioned Student Union, where sessions are held. For brochure and further information, write Frances Grinstead, School of Journalism, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

LAURENTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, a writers' houseparty limited to nine students, will be held at the director's private country estate at Lake Manitou, P. Q., Canada, a spot sixty-five miles north of Montreal. The dates will be August 7-14. Founded 1953. Director: Miss E. Louise Cushing, novelist and mystery writer. Staff: Dorothy Dumbrille, poet, novelist, and nonfiction writer. Mildred Hobbs, "confession" writer, Virginia Douglas Dawson, biographer of her father, Lloyd Douglas, and short story writer. Manuscript submission in advance required. Fee: $65 per person, all inclusive. For information, write Miss E. Louise Cushing, 820 Buchanan St., St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P. Q., Canada.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet August 24-26 at Ocean Park, Maine. Chairman: Dan Kelly. Speaker: Henry Beston.

MCKENDREE COLLEGE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of McKendree College, will hold its first session April 22-23 on the campus of McKendree College at Lebanon, Ill., twenty-five miles east of St. Louis. Director: Dr. Mildred Silver, English teacher at McKendree, formerly a member of Huckleberry Writers' and Artists' Colony, Hendersonville, N. C. Staff: Dr. T. Otto Nall, religious writing; Prof. Alexander M. Buchan of Washington University, the short story; Roberta Clay of State Teachers College, Conway, Ark. Fees: registration, no credit, $5; registration, one college credit, $10; meals (five), $3.50; room per night, shared, $1. Contest for writers who register to attend conference closed March 21; $400 in prizes will be awarded at conference. One hundred registered by early March; an attendance of 200 is expected. For particulars, write Oscar Weil, Secretary, McKendree College Writers' Conference, Lebanon, Ill.

MID-WEST SILVER LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Write P. Evans Coleman, Oak Haven, Route 3, Fairmont, Minnesota, for announcement of 1955 plans. Attendance at last year's conference: 16. Last year's speakers included Noel Loomis and Marjorie McClain. 1955 dates are June 25-July 5.

MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE will be held from July 18 through July 23 at Missoula, Mont. Founded in 1949 as part of a plan for a festival of the arts and directed by the late Joseph Kinsey Howard. Director: Henry V. Larom. Staff: Nelson Algren, fiction; Stanley Vestal, nonfiction; Leslie Fiedler, poetry; others to be announced. Conference can serve also as the first week of a five-week course for University credit in writing the novel and a five-week course in writing the short story, both given by Nelson Algren. Tuition: $25 including personal conferences on manuscripts. Moderate living costs on campus. Near Glacier and Yellowstone Parks. Attendance last year, fifty, not including regular University students. For information and booklet, write Henry V. Larom, Montana State University, Missoula, Mont.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of New Hampshire, meets August 15-26 at Durham, N. H. Founded 1938. Director: Carroll Towle.

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For bulletins, write: Registrar, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N. Y.

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Staff: Charles Angoff, Ella S. Bowles, Edmund Cortez, Loyd Haberly, Loring Williams, Elizabeth Yates, and others. Last year students registered from sixteen states. For information, write Carroll S. Towle, Chairman, University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference, Durham, N. H.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 9, 10, 11 on the campus of Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N. M. Founded 1953. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Catharine Barrett, L. L. Foreman, S. Omar Barker, Elsa Barker, H. Grady Moore. Fees: $5 for auditors, $7 for those seeking university credit of one hour. Auditors may have their work criticized. Address all inquiries to Dr. E. Debs Smith, Director, Eastern New Mexico Writers' Workshop, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N. M.

NORTHEAST WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at the auditorium of Higbee's Department Store, Cleveland, O., June 23-25. Founded 1952. Director: Irving Leiberman, teacher and magazine writer. Speakers will include editors, publishers, writers of fiction, nonfiction, TV, and juveniles. Cash prizes. Expected attendance: 200. Fee: $10 per day. For information, write Irving Leiberman, 1555 Luxor Road, Cleveland 18, O.

OHIO VERSEWRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ohio Poetry Society, will meet Saturday, May 7, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M., at Lower Galpin Hall, College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio. Founded 1951. Director: Maude Miller Girardeau. Program: Poetry Analysis Panel, Jessie T. Nevison, moderator; afternoon round-table discussion on "Attributes of a Gold Key Poem"; keynote address by Loring Williams on "The Life and Works of Robert P. Tristram Coffin." Poems for analysis to be submitted in advance, mimeographed, and distributed to conferees. Low registration fees. For information, write Maude Miller Girardeau, 30126 Lake Road, Bay Village, O.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 7, 8, 9 at Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Director: W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal). Permanent Staff: Foster Harris, Dwight V. Swain. Speakers: Paul R. Reynolds, literary agent; Marjorie McIntyre, novelist; Alberta Constant, novelist. Panel of six students who sold for first time last year to *Saturday Evening Post*. Workshops in short story, the novel, article writing, poetry, radio, TV, photojournalism. Round table in evenings. Tuition: $10. Last year's enrolment: 300. For informatoin, write W. S. Campbell, School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., or Mr. Lee Hayden, North Campus, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Omaha Writers' Club, will take place May 20, 21, 22 at the Paxton Hotel, Omaha, Neb. Founded 1946. Director: Mrs. Marnie Ellingson. Staff: Helen Davis Szold, W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), Dr. L. V. Jacks, Alvin Clinchard, Harry Green. Fee: $11, which includes a half-hour manuscript criticism. Subjects will be the novel, short story, article, poetry, adventure writing, science writing, westerns, and detective fiction. For brochure, write Ruth Crosby, Apt. 4, 3920 Cuning St., Omaha, Neb.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Division of Language Arts, Los Angeles State College, will meet on the State College campus June 20-July 8. Founded 1953. Director: Frederick Shroyer. Staff: Paul Wellman, W. R. Burnett, John Espey, Wirt Williams, Henry Kuttner, Donald Powell Wilson, Carroll Carroll of CBS Television, and others to be announced. Writing fields to be covered include the short story, the novel, and TV. Tuition: $33. Reprint of article about last year's conference in *The Writer* available. For further information, write Professor Frederick B. Shroyer, Los Angeles State College, 855 North Vermont Ave., Los Angeles 29, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, was established in 1949. Its seventh conference will occur on June 15, 16, 17 at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia. Director: Mrs. Herbert C. Sampter. Staff: William E. Harris, Arnold Rabin, Hannah Lees, Dr. Austin J. App, Florence Kerigan, John W. Alexander, Sister Mary Pauline Fitts, Lois Clare Goutman, Malcolm Stewart, Loring Williams, Lewis Nachod, Dr. John W. Powell, Harold P. Lazarus, Pauline Bloom. Guest speakers: Bernard Lett, L. Sprague de Camp, Harry Altshuler, Allen E. Norris, Ivan H. Peterman, Betty Morton, Ann Eisler, Marguerite Werner, and others. Twelve prize contests. Fees: registration, $1.50 plus $2.50 for each workshop; lectures, $1.75. For program, contest rules, and other information, address Miss Florence Kerigan, Registrar, P.O. Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Department of the University of Pittsburgh, will meet April 13-14 at the Stephen Foster Memorial Hall, University of Pittsburgh. Founded 1945. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Speakers: Rachel MacKenzie, Henry Volkenning (literary agent), Diggory Venn, Mrs. Diggory Venn, Margarita Smith, Hudson Strode. No fees, no manuscript criticism. For information, write Edwin L. Peterson, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

CONFERENCE OF SOUTHWEST WRITERS AND WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Arizona State College, will be held on the campus of Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz., June 20-July 1. Established 1951. Directors: Weldon F. and Phyllis Heald. Staff to be announced. Enrolment last year increased from thirteen to twenty-two; about thirty students are expected this year. For tuition rates and other information, write for brochure to the Registrar, Arizona State College, Flagstaff, Ariz.

SOUTHWEST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of The Byliners, South Texas writers' club, will hold its twelfth annual session at Robert Driscoll Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas, June 4-7. Founded 1944. Director: Dee Woods. Stress will be on better writing, more sales, by the staff, which includes Harrison Smith, J. Frank Dobie, Annie Laurie Williams, Fred Gipson, Lon Tinkle, Loring Williams, Frank Wardlaw, Dr. C. E. Castenada, Katherine Sproul, Patrick J. Galvin, C. E. Patterson, Rose Phares, Allen Ludden, Fritz and Emilie Toepperwein, Ruel McDaniel, Dillon Anderson, Charles Boeckman, Margaret Page, and others. Publishers' representatives to be present from Harper's, Doubleday, McNally, Elsevier, Naylor, Tallant House, University of Texas Press. Attendance last year from twenty-one states; it is claimed that one-third of registration were professionals. Special feature: Contest with $1,000 in cash prizes. All 1955 entries to be returned with critical comment. Prizewinning poems to be published in anthology. Tuition: $25, which includes fee for all lectures, workshops, autograph party, sailing, beach picnic, luncheon programs, and the Awards Dinner. For contest rules and brochure, write Dee Woods, 406 So. Carancahua, Southwest Writers' Conference, Corpus Christi, Tex.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the University, will meet at Salt Lake City June 27 through July 9. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: John Ciardi, poetry; others to be announced. Tuition: $25 for all meetings in one week, $35 for two weeks. Scholarships for tuition available. For bulletin, write Brewster Ghiselin, Director of Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

VERMONT WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Windham College, was founded 1946 at Marlboro College, Vt. It was formerly called The Fiction Writers' Conference. Director: Walter Hendricks. Staff: Charles Glicksberg, Don M. Wolfe, Charles Jackson, Roger W. Straus, Leonard Bishop, Stoyan Christowe, Gay Wilson Allen, Charles Burns, Flora Bishop, Frederic Van de Water, Harriet Wolf. It will meet August 7-20 at Windham College, Putney, Vt. All-inclusive fee, $150. Conference may be extended one extra week for some students. Will accept fifty members. For information, write Walter Hendricks, The Vermont Writers' Conference, Putney, Vt.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Vermont, will meet July 12-13 at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. Speakers to be announced. Address inquiries to Vera A. Perkins, Secretary, League of Vermont Writers' Institute, 242 South Main St., Rutland, Vt.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS' AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under the joint auspices of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in America (Division of Christian Education) and the Board of Education and Publication of the American Baptist Convention, will meet at Green Lake, Wisc., June 25-July 2. Director: Dr. Benjamin P. Browne. Staff: Margaret Lee Runbeck, Warren Beck, William Byron Mowery, Professor Roland E. Wolseley, Mildred Magnuson, Grace McGavran, Mazelle Thomas, Mrs. Lois E. Crews, Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Basic principles and techniques are presented throughout the week. A small group remains for a second week, July 2-9, to do creative writing. Day begins with morning devotions on Inspiration Point; there are daily workshops and evening addresses. Tuition: $10 for first week, $5 additional for second week. Rates depend on location of accommodations and range from $5 a day up. The daily rate covers medical insurance, lodging, meals, and ground fees. Some scholarships available. For brochure, write Dr. Benjamin P. Browne, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Science . . . Duty

Continued from page 14

placency. Without proving freedom, it has, as noted, at least dampened eighteenth- and nineteenth-century arguments against it. Meanwhile, by increasing man's destructive capacities it has shown unmistakably that what science provides is not an escalator which will carry man automatically to utopia, but an elevator which can carry him either up or down.

What does responsibility mean for the scientists' own work? History seemed very near and vivid as the participants listened to Arthur Compton and Werner Heisenberg, who a decade ago were competitors in the life-and-death race for the atomic bomb, now seated in the same room sharing their experiences as they face together this common problem. Without disclaiming responsibility for the tragic ends to which their discoveries might be directed, the scientists maintained that their first responsibility was to follow the truth wherever it leads and expand the frontiers of knowledge whatever the consequences. The only qualification mentioned had to do with inhumane experiments on human beings. Pavlov, for example, could not be held responsible for the fact that his discoveries about conditioned reflexes were developed into techniques for brainwashing, but any scientist who takes part in experiments which directly damage human personalities (as those in brainwashing would) acts irresponsibly. Barring cruelty in his experiments themselves, the scientist's responsibility is two-fold: as scientist to discover as much in the way of truth as possible, and as citizen to do his part to see that society turns the findings of science to beneficent ends.

3. SCIENCE AND MAN'S PRESENT EMERGENCY. Although there are no accurate public figures on the ques-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving. 2. "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France. 3. "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," translated by Edward FitzGerald. 4. "The Lost Manuscript," by Gustave Freytag. 5. "Hedda Gabler," by Henrik Ibsen. 6. "MS. Found in a Bottle," by Edgar Allan Poe. 7. "Zorba the Greek," by Nikos Kazantzakis. 8. "The Nazarene," by Sholem Asch. 9. "The Web and the Rock," by Thomas Wolfe. 10. "Peter Whiffle," by Carl Van Vechten.

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tion, the conferees assumed that there are enough atomic and hydrogen bombs already in existence to cripple civilization if strategically spaced. This fact confronts man with a deadline: to move into a condition of assured peace before he destroys civilization in the process.

What the situation calls for is clearly some form of enforceable international law. The general science of law has some constructive suggestions to make in this regard. It has discovered that every culture has two kinds of law: positive law, which consists of articulated regulations duly inscribed in statute books, and what might be called the living law. The latter consists of the value patterns which, whether articulated or not, the people of any community take for granted and unquestioningly accept as authoritative for their own lives. The study of law has also discovered that positive law is never effective, even backed by force, unless it is in keeping with the living law.

Herein lies the world's problem, for the living law differs from culture to culture. How in the face of this enormous variation in living law can mankind construct what is most needed at the moment: a universal and enforceable positive law which can control war?

Our greatest hope lies in the prospect that modern warfare has reached such destructive proportions that the peoples of *every* nation have come to recognize the need for enforceable steps to prevent aggression. If so, every living law now has, or virtually has, this point in common. In this case we are for the first time in a position to effect a workable international law based on two points: (a) non-aggression, and (b) the complete freedom of every nation to develop its internal policies in accord with its own unique living law. The most important task of our day, the conferees felt, is to build up world morale behind an international police force adequate to see to it that such definite international law against aggression is respected.

4. SCIENCE AND MAN'S HOPE. The idea of progress is a child of science. There is little trace of it in the Orient or Classical times, and scarcely more in the Middle Ages. It is only since the seventeenth century that men have lived in the hope of improving their collective lot by bending nature increasingly to the human will. While this hope has permeated the entire modern outlook, it has been the special inspiration of scientists who, in the words of the secretary of the Royal Society, have always assumed their scientific work to be "for . . . the Universal Good of Mankind."

The wars and depressions of the present generation have dashed the easy optimism of recent centuries to such an extent that many thinkers, especially Europeans, have concluded that all thought of historical progress is an illusion. Where did the Conference come out on this point?

It began by recognizing that man, unlike other animals, is a creature who both influences his culture and is influenced by it. Beehives (and hence bees) were for all practical purposes the same in Roman times as they are today, but human societies (and hence men) are not.

Three considerations, however, prevented the conferees from passing from the recognition of this "advance" to any easy faith in progress. First, there seem to be certain areas of life, preeminently the value areas, where progress seems very difficult to define. Achievement in the arts, for example, is not cumulative in the way that knowledge is. To talk of each generation as going beyond its predecessor towards ever closer approximation of absolute beauty seems to misstate the actual situation completely. What happens is that each generation must face afresh the demand that it affirm beauty in its own terms. Second, comparable difficulties arise if we try to specify progress with regard to man's life as a whole. What would progress in all respects be like? It is difficult to find a yardstick in terms of which overall progress could be measured. Third, each step in human advance seems to introduce new problems and perils along with its benefits. We are constantly finding that even where advance is unmistakable it does not result in the elimination or even provable diminution of human evils. Reduction of infant mortality can aggravate population problems; release of nuclear energy brings not only power plants but atomic bombs; television facilitates communication but also aggravates spectatoritis. It looks as if life is likely to remain precarious all along the way.

While the conferees faced these facts as serious enough to preclude a superficial, wholesale optimism, they refused to accept them as undermining all reasonable hope for a better tomorrow. In certain specific areas—such as the accumulation of knowledge, the perfecting of technical skill, the acquisition and distribution of economic goods—it is possible not only to define quite precisely what progress means but also to point to definite advances which have been made thus far and to work with reasonable hope for more of the same. We can go further and say that some of these advances emancipate men in ways which should enable them to live more wisely, more fully, and more freely. Not that such technical advances automatically ennoble life, but they do remove certain disabilities. The man with the hoe is simply incapable of that leisure without which the human spirit with its capacity for understanding and beauty cannot expand and relax.

Thus, in tempered optimism the conference concluded by affirming the goal which Dr. Compton in his keynote address suggested is coming to focus as the common aim of all humanity: the goal of a world situation "in which every person has the opportunity and the encouragement to grow by taking responsible part in the common task of enabling all to live as fully and freely as possible."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MR. TROUBLE *William Ard* (Rinehart: $2.75)	NY insurance eye Tim Dane takes Tampa trek, is fingered as hood by Vegas welcher.	Plot and counterplot confuse reader, turn characters into mannekins.	Too much story.
SLEEP WITH STRANGERS *Dolores Hitchens* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Non-drinking eye and partner take separate Long Beach, Cal., cases; corpses develop.	Nice sense of place and people, but end won't delight all.	On balance, good.
PAINT THE TOWN BLACK *David Alexander* (Random: $2.75)	Bway editor tangles with politics, police, folk art, assorted cadavers.	Characters unusually weird; action typical of genre.	Gore and gals.
BETTER OFF DEAD *R. M. Laurenson* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Strangulation ends career of St. Louis-area hostess; local socials concerned.	Too many people too soon; cliché-ridden, family-complicated.	Omittable.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Juke Myth

Continued from page 13

dale or anybody else know anything of their ancestry?

As a "Mother of Criminals" Margaret (or Ada) hardly lives up to her name. Her daughter is designated as a harlot, but, by way of palliation perhaps, our author adds, "not industrious." One son was a laborer, "somewhat industrious." The other, a farmer, is stigmatized as having been "indolent" and "licentious in youth." The same might be said of some eminent non-Jukes, including Robert Burns and the Apostle Paul.

Margaret-Ada was married to one of old Max's sons. She had a son of her own, whom Dugdale holds to be co-responsible for the evil Juke inheritance. But this son was a Juke only in name. He was illegitimate. Dugdale says so.

Thus, the notorious criminal-Juke strain derives on one side from a progenitor who was not criminal (Old Max) and on the other from a line which was not Juke except by Dugdale fiat. (Margaret-Ada through her illegitimate son.)

It sufficed Dugdale. He had his theory; now he set out after supporting facts. He made a year's tour of prisons, almshouses, and asylums, collecting Jukes. The result he published in 1875. It is still regarded by those who have not read it, and even by some who have, as an authoritative document. It established the Jukes as the type-family of degeneration.

Dugdale invented a terminology to go with his Jukes. His thesis is based, so he states, upon "Positive Statistics and Conjectural Statistics . . . Conjectural Statistics consists in Political Arithmetic and the Theory of Probabilities." This recondite process "reduces the method of study to one of historico-biographical synthesis united to statistical analysis," which sounds as if it might have come out of Lewis Carroll.

Applying this yardstick, Dugdale lists 709 alleged Jukes of whom 507 were social detrimentals. Such conventional crimes as murder, arson, rape, and robbery, quite lacking in proof for the most part, are cited. But there were not enough of them to support satisfactorily the Dugdale political arithmetic and theory of probabilities. So he fattens up the record with entries like the following:

Reputed sheep-stealer, but never caught.
Thief, but never caught.
Petty thief, though never convicted.
Guilty of murder, but escapes punishment.
Unpunished and cautious thief.
Bastardy prosecution.
Supposed to have attempted rape.
Cruelty to animals.
Habitual criminal.
Impossible to get any reliable information, but it is evident that at nineteen he was a leader in crime.

And such scattered attributions as "pauper," "harlot," "brothel-keeper," "vagrant," "lazy," "intemperate," "drunkard," "immoral," "lecherous," etc., etc., etc. There was also a "contriver of crime," and a hardened character who, in addition to frequenting a saloon, was accused of breaking a deaf man's ear-trumpet. Like the Juke who started it all, he was acquitted. It did not matter to our investigator; the non-breaker of the ear-trumpet comes down the ages, embalmed in criminal history.

All this might seem rather attenuated evidence on which to indict an entire family. It sufficed Dugdale. He followed the long and proliferating branches of the clan through the generations and worked out a diagram as framework for the composite portrait. This he calls "Leading Facts."

Consanguinity

		F		
C	Prostitution	O	Illegitimacy	P
		R		A
R		N		U
		I		P
I	Exhaustion	C	Intemperance	E
		A		R
M		T		I
		I		S
E	Disease	O	Extinction	M
		N		

Not Consanguineous

In other words, *fornication* [the italics are his], either consanguineous or not, is the backbone of their habits, flanked on the one side by *pauperism*, on the other by *crime*. The secondary features are *prostitution*, with its complement of *bastardy*, and its resultant of miseducated childhood; *exhaustion*, with its complement, *intemperance*, and its resultant, unbalanced minds; and *disease*, with its complement, *extinction*.

Dugdale's investigations into hygiene and morality are on a par with his criminological efforts. Insanity, epilepsy, deformity, impotency, and tuberculosis appear to have been as typical Juke phenomena as thievery, bastardy, and general lawlessness. Some of the evidence cited is calculated to astonish students of heredity. For example, it is recorded that the original Max went blind and transmitted the affliction to his posterity. As he lost his sight late in life, after his children were born, it is difficult to see how he can be held responsible for their blindness unless he poked them in the eye with a burnt stick.

Our author's figures on tuberculosis are confident, but where he found them is left a mystery. Nobody bothered to keep statistics in those days. Still more difficult would it have been to gather reliable data on venereal disease. Yet our conjectural statistician specifies, in one branch of the Jukes, forty harlots who contaminated 440 men, presumably eleven per harlot. In another genealogical line he states that 23½ per cent of the females were immoral. That ½ per cent is fairly awe-inspiring.

NOT until long after the author's death did anyone rise to challenge his thesis. The late Thomas Mott Osborne, of prison-reform fame and at one time president of that same prison association which certified the Dugdale revelations, studied the Juke records with growing skepticism. Himself a practised investigator, he raised questions about the Dugdale methods which that author might have found awkward to answer.

Whence, Mr. Osborne wished to know, did Dugdale derive those cocksure figures on disease, insanity, and death? Vital statistics at the time of his inquiry were practically nonexistent. How did he acquire his data

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 615

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 615 will be found in the next issue.

RD CPLYRDS BXAG YNRD

RKA BEG CLHAYT

RC BEG CWAAF.

AQAGCBD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 614

Guilt has very quick ears to an accusation.

—Fielding.

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on criminality when court records for the period were notoriously unreliable, if, indeed, they were available at all? What genealogical method did he use in tracing back the Juke line through the mazes of its prevalent bastardy, for a century and a quarter? Legitimate family lines, Mr. Osborne pointed out, were difficult enough to trace; illegitimate were flatly impossible, beyond a generation or two. Further, the objector indicated, a specially trained sociological investigator would have required at least three years to do the work which Dugdale completed in one.

Analyzing the indicated method of investigation, Mr. Osborne suggested that Dugdale based it on a formula of retroactive hypothesis as follows:

That every criminal was a putative Juke.

That every Juke was a presumptive criminal.

By the system which Dugdale employed in tracing down his Jukes, Mr. Osborne concluded, it would be possible to asperse the morality, sanity, and legitimacy of any family in America. As for the Jukes, they were "pure folklore."

Another dissident raised objections in *The Clinical Review* for April 1902. Was it credible, Edmund Andrews asked, that Old Max possessed "such a miraculous energy of vicious propagation that, by his sole vital force, he begat and transmitted the degeneracy of all the Jukes for five generations?" Each descendant in the fifth generation, the critic pointed out, had fifteen other progenitors. Why assign his or her lawless, shiftless, or bawdy habits to Max any more than to any other of the uncharted Jukes or Jakes or Jeeks or Jenkins? A sturdy breeder like Max might well be the ancestor of a couple of thousand great-great-grandchildren, 1,500 of whom, for all that Dugdale knew to the contrary, might have been missionaries.

"It is sheer nonsense," Mr. Andrews contends "to suppose that he (a fifth-generation Juke degenerate) got them all (his vicious proclivities) from that one lazy, but jovial old Rip Van Winkle, the original Juke."

These were but voices crying in a wilderness. To scotch a good, sturdy historical fake, once it has got its growth, is impossible. Nine-tenths of America devoutly believes that Robert Fulton invented the steamboat and that Abner Doubleday was the founder of baseball. So the Jukes will doubtless continue to furnish texts to trusting sociologists, and no great harm done.

But they are in the wrong category. The proper place of a Juke is not in criminology. It is in mythology.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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SPRINGTIME AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lilacs. Apple blossoms. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $25-$35 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 237 Ashland Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

AFTER CLOSING for the winter season TUILAUVENT has reopened ready to welcome its old friends and greet new ones. Tuilauvent is so beautiful in the spring and so restful for weekends and vacations. No planned activities; relaxation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates. Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. Brewster 9-3154.

TANGLEWOOD-MINDED? SEVEN HILLS is five minutes from the concerts—and also offers full vacation facilities. Write for Festival program to SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1097

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Pseudonym of Willard H. Wright.	171 150 113 159 51 183 78
B. Two series for piano by Debussy, 1905 and 1907.	165 13 157 49 180 120
C. Only barnyard creature to be hero of an opera.	117 182 30 156 138 80 116 38
D. Specifying the ball bearing whose action is parallel to the shaft.	187 2 8 72 24 57
E. About as rarely as possible (3 wds.).	154 48 82 112 62 127 41 4 16 123 28
F. Put in different words.	155 98 139 136 125 184 54 130
G. Drove forward.	137 122 52 20 66 129 3 166
H. Fraudulent.	178 143 55 111 21 145 59 101 94
I. Slovenly; dirty.	109 118 63 73 162 31
J. Projection.	164 91 132 76 53 22 33 15
K. What the English call macadam paving.	121 14 60 161 10 186
L. Certain cereal grain.	88 128 1 85 124 175 103
M. With losing balance (3 wds.; slang, U.S.).	61 23 114 9 7 177 95 43
N. Name of several kings of Hungary, the 11th-cent. one of whom was called "the Saint."	19 12 102 36 188 149 170 70
O. French marshal and diplomat, 17th cent.; negotiated treaties with Denmark and Holland.	160 87 6 99 18 65 140 133
P. Violent tendencies to seize for oneself.	110 32 67 40 181 173 46 147 96 84
Q. Caravan of an expedition, esp. in E. Africa.	71 56 135 185 148 39
R. Contemporary Spanish philosopher, writer, univ. professor, who believes in government of the masses by an intellectual minority.	134 108 42 92 126 5
S. Colloquial for dowdy old woman.	89 27 50 74 106
T. Tried by some standard to determine degree of purity, measure of strength, etc.	144 90 64 68 131 176
U. Specifying a soprano or tenor (comp.).	115 44 35 69 58 172 142 151 107 79
V. Post-Victorian, esp. as to literature.	167 11 153 26 93 174 47 100 158
W. Short, close-fitting jacket.	45 97 83 29 17 104 168
X. What the close watcher keeps (2 wds.).	75 169 81 25 152 146 37 105 34
Y. Adduced reasons in support of one's cause.	141 163 77 119 86 179

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 L	2 D	3 G	■	4 E	5 R	6 O	7 M	8 D	■	9 M	10 K	11 V	■	12 N	■	13 B
14 K	15 J	16 E	17 W	18 O	19 N	■	20 G	21 H	22 J	23 M	24 D	25 X	26 V	27 S	28 E	29 W
30 C	31 I	■	32 P	33 J	34 X	■	35 U	36 N	37 X	38 C	39 Q	40 P	41 E	42 R	■	43 M
44 U	45 W	46 P	47 V	48 E	49 B	50 S	51 A	52 G	53 J	54 F	55 H	■	56 Q	57 D	■	58 U
59 H	60 K	61 M	62 E	63 I	64 T	■	65 O	66 G	67 P	68 T	69 U	70 N	■	71 Q	72 D	73 I
74 S	75 X	76 J	77 Y	78 A	79 U	■	80 C	81 X	82 E	83 W	84 P	85 L	86 Y	87 O	■	88 L
89 S	■	90 T	91 J	92 R	93 V	■	94 H	95 M	96 P	97 W	98 F	99 O	■	100 V	101 H	102 N
■	103 L	104 W	105 X	106 S	107 U	108 R	■	109 I	110 P	111 H	112 E	113 A	■	114 M	115 U	116 C
■	117 C	118 I	119 Y	120 B	121 K	122 G	123 E	124 L	125 F	■	126 R	127 E	128 L	129 G	130 F	131 T
132 J	133 O	■	134 R	135 Q	■	136 F	137 G	138 C	■	139 F	140 O	141 Y	■	142 U	143 H	■
144 T	145 H	146 X	147 P	148 Q	■	149 N	150 A	151 U	152 X	153 V	154 E	155 F	156 C	■	157 B	158 V
159 A	■	160 O	161 K	162 I	163 Y	164 J	165 B	166 G	167 V	168 W	169 X	■	170 N	171 A	172 U	173 P
174 V	175 L	176 T	■	177 M	178 H	179 Y	180 B	■	181 P	182 C	183 A	184 F	185 Q	186 K	187 D	188 N

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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